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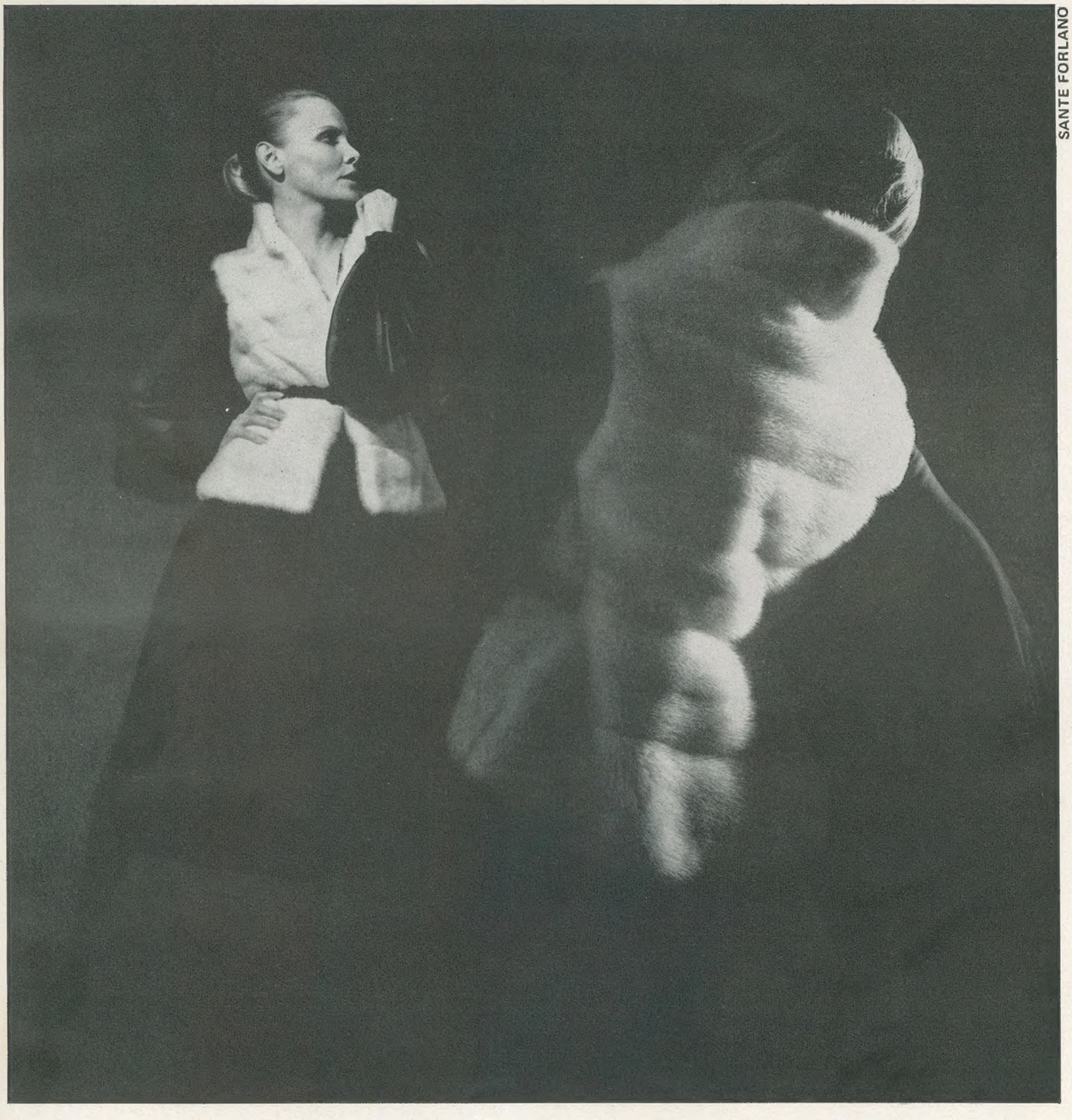
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MARCH 15, 1970

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VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN

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PENN

COVER: Two great American looks—Lauren Hutton, the honey-haired moviegirl, next on screen in *Little Fauss and Big Halsy* and *The Wine and The Music* . . . and a marvellous long covered dress from Bill Blass in leopard-printed silk organza with a scattering of coin paillettes (Tzaims Luksus-TSM print; shown full-length, page 78). Choker: Clifton Nicholson. . . . Great-looking makeup from Coty Originals: Natural Black Lash Originals, new easy-on fringe benefits for eyes; an airy fluff of Sheer Puffery Foam Foundation in Medium Beige; and Mad Mushroom lipstick. Coiffure, by Ara Gallant.

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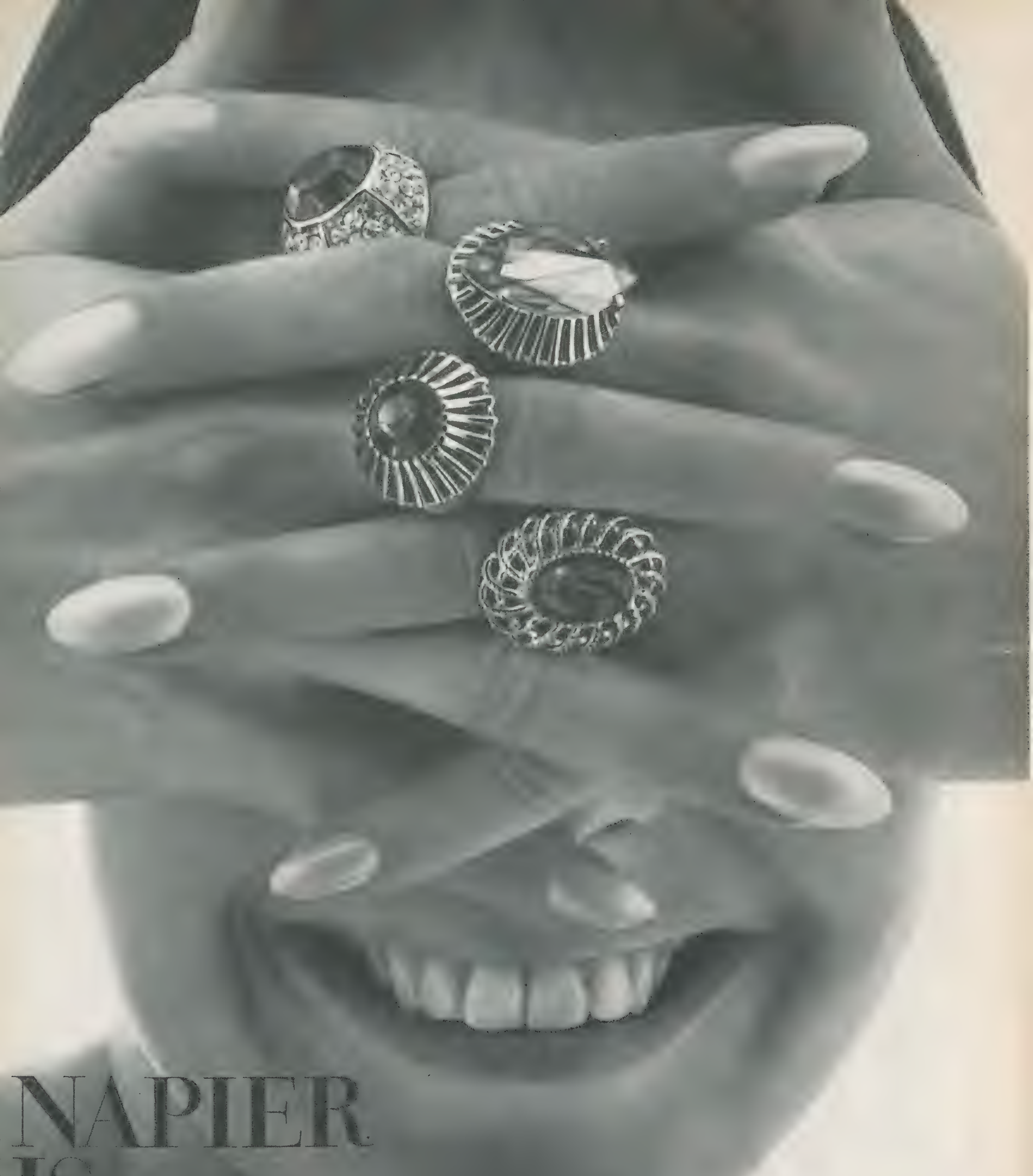
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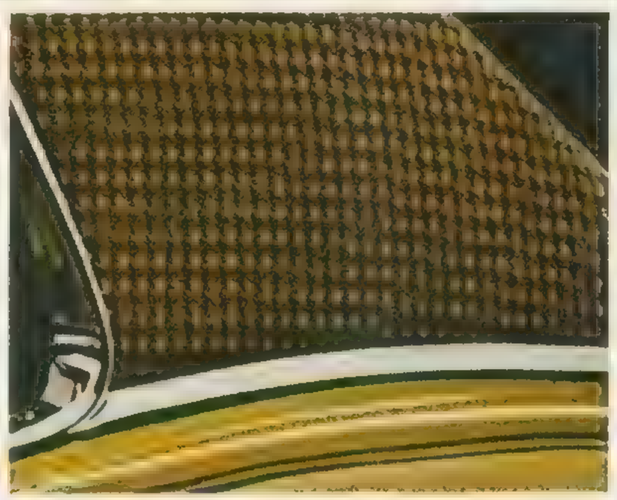
Dress by Bill Blass

Introducing the Houndstooth Cougar... with a little something to match by Pauline Trigère.





Inside: deep, foam-padded, hi-back buckets in optional houndstooth check cloth and vinyl.



Outside: optional houndstooth check vinyl roof available in medium brown (shown) or black.

It's wild. It's sophisticated. It's elegant. The sporty look of houndstooth for spring. Cougar sets the trend with houndstooth check vinyl roof and hi-back cloth-and-vinyl buckets. Designer Pauline Trigère comes up with a swaggering houndstooth cape to match. Cougar... far more than just a sporty car. It's styled with European flair. Lean and sculptured, with concealed headlamps and sequential rear turn signals. Powered by a restless 351 cubic-inch V-8. It's the best equipped luxury-sports car in its class. Cougar. Definitely the top cat for spring... now dressed in houndstooth. Ask about it at the sign of the cat: your Lincoln-Mercury dealer.

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

MARCH 15

From Paris with love: signed "René and René"

The French have a grand passion for fruits and herbs, as any student of the French haute cuisine for skin and hair is well aware. René Guinot is a French biologist and chemist whose well-fruited skin treatments have long been the subject of international beauty gossip. Another French René, René Furterer, has been performing similar spectaculars with hair. "I grow prize heads of hair the way others cultivate champion cabbage." . . . The products and systems of both Renés have recently acquired their U.S. visas, and two inspired blondes, both as Gallic as *fraises des bois,* have become their New York ambassadors. . . . Jane Sebeyran dispenses René Guinot's Cathiodermie. Small blonde, great eyes, flawlessly taut skin ("It should be—skin is my business"). Her new salon: rosy brocade avec 1970 science all over. You stretch out on one of her cushy chaises, wrapped up in pink. "Do you have an allergy?" she wonders. Your face is having a bad day, should be put on the critical list. "I am allergic to tension," you pronounce. . . . "Whatever it is, your skin is asphyxiated." You embark on an hour and a half of blissful detoxification, untensing. There's a stretch bracelet on your wrist to "ground" you for the electrical magic that helps the René Guinot potions do their work. With gentle hands and satin-fingered instruments, fragrant creams and beauty milks are glossed over your face. Fifteen minutes in a darkened room, alone with a gel masque and eye pads. Fifty-seventh Street—right in front of you—seems a million miles away. The curtain line is a spray as thrillingly chilling as the surf in Toulon, where a salon still bears Mme. Sebeyran's name. . . . She paints lipstick on you with a brush—"no makeup for a while"—and sends you forth with detailed instructions for keeping your face on the upbeat. . . . You look very good the next day—wholesome as a prize apple, and inner conflict, albeit still raging, not showing on your face. (Jane Sebeyran, 63 East 57th St., New York, N. Y. 10022. Cathiodermie facial, $25.) . . . Ethéirologie—René Furterer's system, which is offered in at least ten Paris hair clinics—is now here at the cosy new salon of Georgette Briand. Georgette's own enormous charm and palliative ways would seem enough to relax a nervous scalp. But flower pollen, vegetable oils, and fruit extracts help. Strand of your hair goes into French hair analyzer, whence it's projected, magnified, on screen. "You can tell how much vitality the marrow has, whether it needs 'fertilizer.'" Georgette set about fertilizing our head of hair. Gave it ozone lamp treatment, revitalizing lotions and serums. In her hair-raising massage, the nape and scalp are rolled, kneaded, pinched, and generally exercised into a dither of physical fitness. She cracks yolk of egg into a *bain de plantes,* whisks in fresh fruits—it's a sort of mud pack to coat and thicken hair. If you don't have a date with your regular hairdresser when you leave Mme. Briand, she'll cheerfully set your hair. Our hair, re-embodied and all set, went out of there at 1 P.M. Friday, bloomed splendidly Saturday, even more so Sunday. (Georgette Briand, 38 East 72nd St., New York 10021. $13.50 for *conditioning.*)

Beauty "no's"

From Mrs. Patrick Guinness, the mesmerizing creature a few of whose beauty yes's are revealed on pages 74-75, we've gleaned also these current beauty no's. *No elevator.* Climb stairs on toes "in order to harden leg muscles." . . . *No massage.* "Loosens the skin." . . . *No cleansing cream.* Soap and water. . . . *No over-sunning of face.* "Sun is the skin's worst enemy." . . . *No foundation during the day.* Just a light cream to let face breathe. . . . *No brushing hair.* "Excites oil glands." . . . *No starch of any kind.* "Including creamy pastries, which I'm mad about."

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

New bath naturals—agents 18, 19, and 20

It all started less than a year ago—the introduction of a great collection of ways to a blissful bath. Seventeen sybaritic products, all drawing on the benefits of natural agents—plants, flowers, fruits, herbs, sun, sea—with overtones of the Côte d'Azur where spa delights are pleasantly rampant. Made by Estée Lauder under the family name of Azurée, this group now has three new additions, also made with nature's helpful agents, bringing the grand total of Azurée members to twenty. Each has its own working time—one before the bath, one during, and one after, to wit: ***Pre-bath,*** the new Herbal Body Mask, a delicate sea-green gel that contains oils of herbs and vegetables. To slather on and, after about five minutes, to rinse off by bath or shower, whereupon skin is smoothed, circulation upped, everything feels brisker. ***During bath,*** a new soap in two acts—a single cake with two formulae fused together; Vitamin Enriched Creme Soap. One offers translucent oil, the other opaque cream; the combo provides protein, herbs, silicones, vitamins A and D—these, great friends of skin. ***After bath,*** the wrap-up of skin pampering—a rubdown with Vitamin Body Conditioner. Here, good old A and D again with chlorophyll and another friendly benefit—wheat germ oil. A sophisticated mixture, this, that absorbs quickly into skin, turns taut dryness into luscious sleekness. Any one of these new bath treats, marvellous; a bath using all three just has to be glorious. Estée, Azurée—hoorée. . . .

Fruits rafraichis

We have a *fixe* about finishing off a meal with fruit, ripe from its bower. It tastes gorgeous, it's tactful with one's shape, and it keeps one's transit system on flawless schedule. And from now on, every time we see a dear little peach or a splashy, spiky pineapple, we shall want to pat its head because of what it can do for the face. Zsa Zsa Ltd. has just turned out a series of masques made, in the European way, with delectable fresh fruit. They're called Tiny Little Tightners and, as far as we can determine, this is the first time we've had so many fruits in a facial compote. The cornucopia includes peach, apricot, apple, pear and pineapple, and there is enough for three treatments in each tube. The masques go on fragrantly, each in its own fruit colour, stay on for exactly seven minutes, then rinse off with lukewarm water. If you believe in living with pampered abandon, you'll want to try a different flavour every few days.

(More Ready Beauty, page 135)



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THE NATURAL PHENOMENON OF N.Y. TAXI DRIVERS

BY QUENTIN CREWE

No doubt New Yorkers never even notice taxi drivers; you must accept them as you accept any other natural phenomenon of the city, like the steam which rises from the streets or the delight of being able to see the sky at the end of the avenues.

To the British, on the other hand, New York taxis are a never-ending source of wonder, and when two or three of us are gathered together in that city, we inevitably exchange stories of adventures in cabs. It is also worth noting, in passing, that three-quarters of our opinions about the United States owe their origin to the loquacity of cabmen. Foreign correspondents arriving here, having no friends from whom to glean attitudes, listen to and record the bizarre political outpourings of Stefan Potacki or Jesus Santangelo.

The anger of taxi drivers is always a matter of surprise for us, who, without being chauvinistic, are accustomed to reasonably docile figures at the wheel in London. In addition to the usual quota of taximen who take one look at me and drive away sneering, I have had two of some distinction on a recent trip.

The first announced fiercely, "I wouldn't have taken you if you'd been a dame. Jeez, I hate dames." He proceeded to work out his misogyny in practical ways. Any woman who tried to cross the street he charged straight at. The rest of the time we pursued a weaving course, the purpose of which was to seek out deep puddles so that we could spray with murky water any available female pedestrian. With shrieks of demonic laughter, the driver ruined the clothes of some fifteen women in a journey of ten blocks. Eventually I asked the driver if by some unfortunate chance he had contracted an unsuitable marriage. "What kind of mad talk is this?" he asked. "I love my wife. Since George Washington no one is so lucky with his wife. So why you insult her?" He scored another soaking hit on a passing blue rinse. "Jeez, I hate dames." I gave up.

"Jeez, I hate dames"

The next real poser was a cab I hailed on a bitter night. I got in and named an address in the East Sixties. "I'm not going there," said the driver. I pondered a bit and remembered something I wanted to do in the opposite direction. I put it to the driver. "No, I am not going there either." I was reluctant to get out into the cold. "Where would *you* like to go?" I asked.

The driver was quite unperturbed, but then I have only once seen a New York cab driver silenced. He was one of those who do everything they can to scare you, swerving at the last possible second to avoid disaster. We nearly brushed a huge Cadillac and my companion gasped. The driver said: "Ah, you thought I was going to make a mistake. I never make mistakes. Do you ever make mistakes?" At that moment we emerged onto Park Avenue, opposite Saint Bartholomew's Church.

"I never make mistakes"

"Yes," said my companion, "I once got married in that church." The taximan had no retort.

The anger of cab drivers, I have decided, stems from their total bewilderment about the route. Accustomed as we are in London to drivers who know every alleyway, the whereabouts of every theatre, club, or restaurant, it is always bemusing to find that you have to tell New York drivers where Carnegie Hall or Rockefeller Plaza is. I had one the other day who, when I asked him to go to the corner of First Avenue and 64th Street, asked me to direct him. The truth is that they are all bitter because a foreigner who has visited New York three times knows more about the city than they do.

Of course there are some cab drivers who are anxious to put foreigners at their ease. Two have tried to save my soul. Others have a ready patter of chat about their wartime experiences in England.

A friend of mine once hailed a cab and settled down.

"You British?" asked the driver.

"Yes."

"I was in Britain, once."

"I know," said my friend. "You were in a place called Bradford. At the cinema one evening you met a girl called Mary. She took you back to her parents' apartment which had a red door. They were called Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. They invited you to stay with them and you lived with them for a month. When you left they gave you a real Scottish plaid scarf and a cigarette lighter."

"Hey, what you doing to me?" shouted the driver. "How do you know all this? You some kind of psychic or something? Jeez, man, don't do it to me. Who are you?"

"I am the man you drove back from the theatre last night and you told me about Mary," said my friend.

You will understand if I treasure the memory of seeing a New York taxi driver running down 42nd Street in pursuit of a fare who refused to pay. Just before he caught up with him. the driver's trousers fell in a heap around his ankles.

"You some kind of a psychic?"

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

TAMBOO, UNIQUE, SEA-WRAPPED, AN INSTANT VILLAGE IN THE BAHAMA ISLANDS









JEAN TAILER AND NANCY HOLMES

Tamboo, a Bahamian village on Great Harbour Cay, invented as a getaway for a hundred internationals, will expand when each charter villager invites five friends to join—living in shingled villas and condominiums, golfing on a Joseph Lee course around a stone-and-glass clubhouse, swimming from coves where "all the shores are pearl, the water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

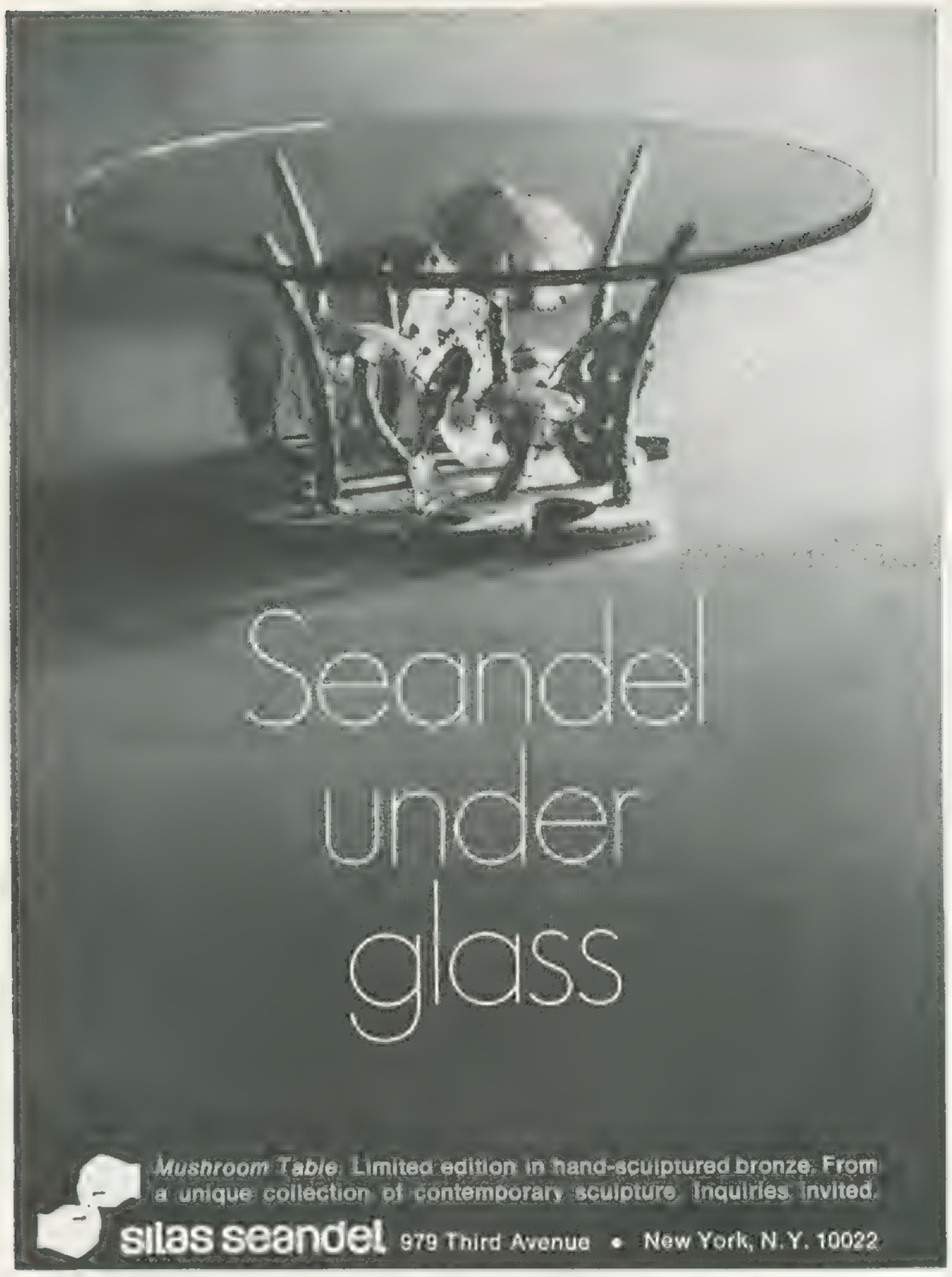
1. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Phipps with their children, Sally and Langhorne, on the porch of their rondenette. 2. Mrs. Gardner Cowles. 3. Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer. 4. The Hon. and Mrs. Vere Harmsworth. 5. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, junior, who, with Thomas Phipps and Earl Blackwell, created the resort of Tamboo. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Du Pont. 7. Mr. T. Suffern Tailer on a beach at Tamboo. 8. Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Mr. T. Suffern Tailer, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, junior, Mr. Arthur Hornblow. 9. Sir Francis and Lady Peek.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Books

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

In Transit, "*words are characters*"

In Transit by Brigid Brophy (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is indeed a "trip." From the first section—"Linguistic Leprosy"—to the last—"Codetta"—everything is in planned disorder, whirling with hallucination, disconnection, puns, fantasy, dreams, phantasmagoria, unexpected wit, and restless allusion. Evelyn Hilary O'Rooley, called Pat, and later in the book to become Patrick, is in an airport, a sort of Kennedy Terminal of the psyche, where uprooted travellers are arriving and departing, languages are disintegrating, identity is lost like a bit of baggage mistakenly sent to Argentina. Although born and educated in England, Miss Brophy is still very Irish and she is accompanied on every page by her fellow-traveller and Irishman, James Joyce.

Examples, since summary is hardly possible: "I was in a capsule enclaved not only in the sequence of time but in political geography. I was inhabiting an embodiment come true of such splendid notional diplomatic entities as free ports and extra-territorial territory. (O my pragmatic sanction, my uncle.) (I shall demand at the trilingual bar a hamlet fines herbes.)" And: "I wonder if Guinevere was Bedivere's gay name? Pleasure, Edward Young promised us, is nought but virtue's gayer name—Ed. Young himself being the name of nothing but a Night Thought. . . ."

The engaging, impractical avant-gardism of *In Transit* does not necessarily send the mind forward, borne on a jet of free-association, but rather nostalgically backward to similar productions of the early 1940's, to the "new directions" of memory. It makes us remember literary experiments conducted in the privacy of a small market, amidst the aristocratic pleasures of secondhand bookstores and little magazines. This is not recalled in a spirit of diminishment but merely as a description, to define the intensely, exclusively literary nature of Miss Brophy's effort. And it is on this ground that the book has considerable theoretical and historical interest.

Brigid Brophy is prodigiously gifted with language and is possessed, as if by a demon, with an unusual cleverness. The demonic aspect is represented by the temptation to the display of cleverness itself, in a rush from idea to idea, pun to pun. Yet, *In Transit* makes no claim to be a traditional novel and reveals from the first an intention to shift and stall, to seek and describe disorientation, to put in anything amusing or interesting without regard for sequence since, in the airport, all is flux, movement, anonymity, flight. Sometimes the page is printed in two columns —the right hand making a comment on the left. The plot of the book is avant-gardism itself and words are the characters.

And Joyce, who is at the airport with the author, in her handbag, so to speak? His was one of those revolutions in the arts that devoured its children before they were born. His genius was of an inclusive sort, taking in all knowledge, all literatures, day and night, the real world and the world of the unconscious. His example said that the novel could never be the same and yet his epical gift of tongues and grandeurs of conception were an encumbrance to the domestic life of the novel. *In Transit* tries once more to take in the Joycean challenge. And so this book is best thought of as a patient experiment, one of those investigations undertaken by a gifted, knowing worker in a pure science.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

Spaces, "*sensory overload*"

If a museum show could illustrate the generation gap, then "Spaces" at The Museum of Modern Art in New York was such an exhibition. Consisting of six environments—by Larry Bell, Michael Asher, Robert Morris, Dan Flavin, Franz Erhard Walther, and the Pulsa group—"Spaces" contained examples of every current trend, save perhaps Earth Works. And perhaps even that area was covered, since the Morris piece was actually part dirt. There was, for example, group involvement (Bell, Asher), spectator participation (Walther), collaborative art (Pulsa), technology (Flavin, Pulsa, Morris), sensory deprivation (Bell, Asher), and ecological art (Morris, Pulsa). "Spaces," in short, was a compendium of all the current efforts to go, as the Futurists and Dadaists used to say, "beyond painting."

The single common denominator of the heterogeneous installations was that all provoked some kind of physical reaction rather than communicating any kind of psychological or metaphysical content in the manner of the traditional modes. In Dan Flavin's brightly lit environment, intense light and colour stimulated the eyes. In contrast, in Larry Bell's nearly pitch-black room, vision had to be adjusted to keep from bumping into other spectators or into the free-standing wall that divided the room. Michael Asher's acoustical-tile environment shut out sound, giving the ears a few moments of welcome respite that nicely complemented the relief for the eyes Larry Bell's darkness had afforded. Together, they offered a kind of mini rest cure for the senses suffering from sensory overload.

Interesting as the exhibition was, however, it seemed to pose a twofold critical problem: (1) Should the museum abandon its traditional function as a storehouse of past treasure to become a fun palace of the present, providing short and perhaps intense sensory "trips" or occasions of interpersonal exchange? (2) If it should, how good was "Spaces" in providing such experiences, presuming one knows what good is in this new context? The answer to the second question, I believe, is contained in the first.

In many respects "Spaces" was disappointing. The experiences it provided were generally diffuse and not very compelling. These environments were, of course, primitive ventures into an entirely new territory. Nevertheless, there seems something basically equivocal in both the attitude of the Museum in putting on such a show as well as in that of the artists in participating. The real question may be whether art that has as its intention the rejection of the fundamental assumption of the museum—that art is separate from life—is experienced to best advantage in a museum. The Pulsa light-and-sound environment in the Museum's garden, for example, was far more successful in its presentation on an open golf course outside New Haven, Connecticut.

In spite of its limitations, "Spaces" was the first show of genuinely lively experimental art the Modern Museum has held in many, many years. It does seem unfortunate, however, that the moment when the Modern finally turned from enshrining yesterday's innovations to paying attention to today's experiments should be just that moment when the avant-garde defines itself precisely in its opposition to the values of the museum.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Theatre

BY TOM BISHOP

Arrabal, "panic plays"

A theatre of cruelty and ritual with sadistic torturers wielding whips and chains, Christ figures in sexual transport, nude actors and actresses engaged in sado-masochistic rites onstage, and a torrent of dazzling eroticism, anti-clericalism, and scatology confronting the spectator: These are some of the themes and images that have made Spanish-born Fernando Arrabal the most controversial playwright of the Parisian theatre. The conservatives among French critics are enraged. Suffering from a case of generation gap, they can not look beyond the sensationalism and the provocation to see the most original, the most theatrical, and the most vital new talent of the French stage.

Arrabal, no longer merely talked about in avant-garde circles and produced in tiny studio theatres, is now given major productions and a great deal of attention. This winter, Arrabal's plays have been performed simultaneously in three playhouses. In *The Garden of Delights,* title and inspiration taken from Hieronymus Bosch's astounding triptych at the Prado Museum in Madrid, Delphine Seyrig gave her finest performance as a celebrated actress living in seclusion with her lover, half-man, half-ape. Prompted by her fans' questions in a telephone interview, she embarks on a search for her own identity that takes her on a nightmarish voyage through her past and future. The play's savagery is neatly counterbalanced by biting humour aimed at contemporary civilization and especially the Roman Catholic Church. For instance, a scatological "Ave Maria" and a prayer to a thermostat: "Our brother who gives us exactly as much as we need and no more. . . ."

A less well-performed but even more astonishing play is . . . *And They Put Handcuffs on Flowers,* one of Arrabal's most remarkable works. His technique inspired by (but not copied from) such experimentalists as Antonin Artaud, Jerzy Grotowski, The Living Theatre, and Peter Brook, Arrabal gives theatre of commitment a specifically political orientation. Never have nudity and sadism been more creatively used on the stage than in this impassioned attack on Franco's Spain and the Spanish Church. By means of a flexible production that encompasses the audience, Arrabal re-creates the tortures, the anguish, and the fantasies of prisoners in a Franco jail and the perverted mentality of the police, their inhumanity carefully cultivated by their religious-school upbringing. It is a scathing spectacle, overflowing with Arrabal's fierce hatred of intellectual, spiritual, and political tyranny.

Arrabal is certainly the most extravagant figure on the Parisian theatrical scene. His daring treatment of forbidden themes is matched by his flamboyant personality and elaborately constructed notoriety as a far-out nonconformist. A group of surrealistic paintings commissioned by the playwright and reproduced have, as their single subject, Arrabal as a mythic figure of legends. But if he cultivates an exalted image, he is not taken in by it, for he is no less lucid and ironic about himself than about everything else. He approaches his rôle with the same enthusiasm and candour that he brings to his work. The author of about forty plays (more than half have been published), Arrabal writes quickly, according to a rigid work schedule. His great passion for chess has led him in recent years to take up seriously the study of higher mathematics which he considers closely related to artistic creation.

Now thirty-seven, Arrabal is a small man, still boyish looking despite a short black beard. He speaks softly in fluent Spanish-accented French, his voice hinting at the gentleness that his ready laughter confirms. When I recently visited him in his apartment near the old district of Les Halles, his French wife, in the last weeks of pregnancy, was studying an X-ray of their child. Arrabal looked on, then said proudly: "He will be like me. He will have a big head." The baby is a daughter, their first child.

Although Arrabal has lived in Paris for fifteen years and writes in French, Spain remains a major pole of attraction for his imaginations and anxieties. When the Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936, Fernando was four years old. His leftist father was immediately arrested. Arrabal's mother denied her husband the right to give the children a last kiss, for she felt that his arrest had made him unworthy. Arrabal never forgave her. All trace was lost of the father. What remains is one of the major leitmotifs of Arrabal's work: the wife/mother, both Judas and judge, and the father/child, a doomed victim.

Cruelty and a sense of sin permeate Arrabal's early plays—for examples, *Fando and Lis* [a film based on this play is reviewed on page 34] and *The Automobile Graveyard*—filled with childlike characters playing games of life and death, living in fear and amazement, possessed of an animal-like sexuality. Later, after discovering Samuel Beckett, Eugène Ionesco, and Antonin Artaud in Paris, Arrabal developed a theory for a "panic theatre," referring both to a ceremonial of frenzy associated with the god Pan and to the meaning of "pan" as universal, a mélange of "humour and poetry, panic and love." His more recent works, far removed from realistic, psychological theatre, are on the borderline of the absurd, blending derision, fear, and tenderness.

Perhaps the best of these "panic plays" and Arrabal's greatest success is *The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria,* played by Raymond Gérome in Paris three years ago. (It may be produced in New York.) With characteristic humour and sadism, Arrabal introduces us to a bizarre couple—an innocent man of pure spirit opposed to a Mephistophelean man who tries to make him an accomplice to his nefarious designs. The architect who controls the forces of nature lives alone on a deserted island where he is joined one day by the Emperor of Assyria who knows the principles of civilization, of philosophy, of happiness. At least that is what he claims. The play develops like a strange game of chess between these two individuals, each seeking to dominate the other, each enacting multiple rôles that embody their mutual love and hate, until finally, the Emperor asks the architect to eat him. "I want you to be you and me at the same time."

In 1967 while visiting Spain, Arrabal was arrested in the night and thrown into solitary confinement for several weeks, accused of an obscene and defamatory (for Spain) dedication in a book. Freed only after great pressure for his release was applied from France, he found the experience a decisive one for him. It enabled him to "bury his childhood once and for all," he said. More importantly, he came to know the *objective* reality of a fascist tyranny. His horizons have been enlarged and a conscience awakened.

While Arrabal was imprisoned in Spain, an important Madrid newspaper called for his castration so that the defilement of his theatre would not pass on to another generation. Oddly enough, a recent letter to a French newspaper proposes his expulsion from France for obscenity. Censorship takes many forms; in France today it is not political but moral and it is under the surface but not far. Thus, none of his plays has been closed down by the authorities, but he has been forced to give up the theatre in which . . . *And They Put Handcuffs on Flowers* played. Arrabal quickly advertised for a new playhouse and calmly went on working.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY JOHN GRUEN

Fando and Lis, "*chilling*"

Fando and Lis is a macabre little movie from Mexico, based on a play by Fernando Arrabal, the controversial young Spaniard. It is a visionary work whose prototypes might be the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch, the writings of the Marquis de Sade, and the films of Luis Buñuel. Not nearly as original as any of these, this movie, nevertheless, manages to create an atmosphere of anxiety and surprise. Directed with pictorial and psychological excess by Alejandro Jodorowsky, this austerely lit black-and-white film centres on a young couple in search of a mythical city—one that is as unreachable as is the fulfillment of their own bizarre relationship.

Sick with symbolism, *Fando and Lis* finds its heroine a paralytic and its hero impotent. They journey on dangerous mountain trails, meeting maimed and mad persons, all of whom are intent on preventing the lovers from reaching their non-destination. Periodically, Fando binds his mistress's feet and wrists in heavy chains, tormenting her, or threatening to leave her.

Arrabal's ambiguities are of the transparent variety—at best, they form a kaleidoscopic barrage of Henry Fuseli images that make of nightmare a passion. At worst, they are childish toyings with evil for its own sake. Jodorowsky, a versatile man of the avant-garde in Mexico, produces some startling scenes, notably a card game in which three old women use sticky apricots in place of chips, which are later fed to their self-indulgent male escort. Another scene includes a mud-filled pit in which male and female figures slither and writhe around like victims from Dante's *Inferno.*

There are many erotic passages in this erratic film, but they are so shrill and so absurdly overacted that the impulse is either to laugh or merely to yawn. For all that, *Fando and Lis* is a chilling exercise in latter-day surrealism.

An Event, "*realism and fantasy*"

An Event, based on a story by Anton Chekhov, is that rarity—a film from Yugoslavia. Photographed in hazy, beautiful colour, it tells a simple enough tale involving an old farmer, his young grandson, and what happens to them when they go into town to sell their horse. But this somewhat less than promising beginning slowly develops into a turgid, emotionally charged drama in which a double murder—one planned, the other accidental—transforms the characters into Chekhovian figures of fate.

The grandfather and grandson on their return home with money in their pockets are assailed by two bandits: The old man is murdered, but the boy escapes. Running breathlessly through dangerous woods, the youngster stops at the first house he sees. There, a strange young woman and her even stranger little daughter offer him shelter and food. As it turns out, the woman is the wife of one of the assailants.

Director Vatroslav Mimica works with an interesting, strong-boned cast that consistently illuminates human vulnerabilities. A strong folkloristic aura pervades the events, as if some old, preordained force were driving the characters to their ultimate doom. The strength of *An Event,* a slow-moving, lengthy peasant fairy tale, lies in its rooted, terrifying realism as it hovers around the subtle areas of fantasy.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Dance

BY LYDIA JOEL

Leonide Massine, "*a protean vitality*"

In the middle of the present Diaghilev revival is a lean, grey-eyed Russian, Leonide Massine. As if being seventy-four were irrelevant, he continues his daily workout at the ballet barre wherever in the world he is, and these days he gets about a good deal.

Several times recently Massine has left his island villa near Capri for the United States. I watched him at work during a New York City Center Joffrey Ballet rehearsal of his revival of *Petrouchka,* the Igor Stravinsky-Alexandre Benois-Michel Fokine masterpiece which Serge Diaghilev guided into existence in 1911 and which is now in the repertoire of four major companies. Massine concentrated on every accent of musical phrasing, of floor pattern, of gesture and body line—correcting, demonstrating, protesting. Reprimanding a young dancer for a narcissistic "arabesque-for-arabesque's-sake," he said: "If movement is not exact and significant it is not theatre, and so why then put it on a stage?"

In 1914 Leonide Massine, dancer and choreographer of protean vitality, replaced Vaslav Nijinsky as star of Les Ballets Russes de Serge Diaghilev. *Petrouchka* was a fulcrum in Massine's life, a "first" in a career in which he designed one hundred ballets. Leonide Fedorovitch Massine (Miassine) was discovered at the Moscow Imperial Ballet School when he was seventeen and Diaghilev, the Leningrad-oriented aristocrat who had just broken with Nijinsky over the latter's marriage, was searching the schools of Russia for a replacement for the Slavic superstar. Handsome, serious Massine was put to study with Enrico Cecchetti, the ballet master who taught Anna Pavlova and other great dancers of the day. Cecchetti prepared him for his 1914 introduction to Paris audiences in the title rôle of a grandiose production of *Legend of Joseph.* Massine, however, remembers that his first appearance with the company was in *Petrouchka:* "I was proud to be allowed to walk onstage as a watchman who calls the policeman." Before long, he danced the rôle Nijinsky had created and made famous. At the Joffrey *Petrouchka* rehearsal recently, Massine said: "I give it my best compliment. Diaghilev would have approved the casting."

Within the same week Massine was at work again, this time at the American Ballet Theatre studios, where he and Tatiana, his beautiful twenty-eight-year-old daughter, were in the early stages of resetting his slight but delicious soufflé *Gaité Parisienne.*

In recent years, Massine, in addition to doing revivals, has been concentrating on evolving a dance notation he considers to be the most complete and practical ever formulated. Now he spends several months a year in London teaching his system at the Royal Ballet School. In New York he has given some introductory courses. In the fall of 1970 a comprehensive notation system will be published by Faber & Faber in London.

Before he next returns to this country, where he has in the past two years revived his *Aleko* and *The Three-Cornered Hat,* Massine will reproduce *Boutique Fantasque* for Australia's National Ballet. When he comes back here it may be to restage *Parade,* the Massine-Erik Satie-Jean Cocteau-Pablo Picasso Cubist fantasy of 1917 that some people believe to be the true beginning of Pop Art. Massine said: "Naturally, my resources are greater now than they were when I first did it in 1917."

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HOROSCOPE

March 15 through March 31

ARIES, March 21—April 20. You have beneficial Venus in your sign for the rest of this month; the result will be the consolidation of all your social obligations. If you want to entertain, the evening of the 17th would be successful. The 21st is a good time to begin a weekend of rest—you will need it, as the Sun enters your sign on that day. Duties of all sorts and new, enterprising ideas will demand your attention during the full moon on the 23rd and 24th. Try to sign a written agreement early in the morning on the 25th. If that is not possible, try late in the evening on the 27th. The 28th is a day that suits you for personal accomplishment.

TAURUS, April 21—May 20. *You continue to feel pressured by the business duties that crowd your days. Saturn, planet of ambition and accomplishment, in your birth sign offers you fame through important responsibilities. Mars in your sign as well indicates urgent activities for the remainder of the month. This rush of life does not suit you, but try to finish as many duties as possible by the 21st. After the 24th, those who were in agreement with you take another view. On the weekend of the 28th, one friend may disagree completely. The alien atmosphere may last until the 31st; your patient, kind nature will cope by remaining silent. Find comfort in a new friend.*

GEMINI, May 21—June 21. With Mercury in a Water sign, Pisces, you may think others are reacting too emotionally to your proposals. The truth is that all your business associates are counting the costs. A breakthrough on the 18th and 19th indicates that you are being considered. On the 23rd, the full moon, the answer comes. Try to cover as many appointments as you can that day. On the 24th, others may promise but find fulfillment impossible. The 25th reveals a surprise, ending an old connection to make way for the new. To disagree on the 29th is a waste of energy. The controversial atmosphere may last until the 31st. Your ruler has changed signs three times in March, forcing you to change your gait.

CANCER, June 22—July 22. The days from the 16th to the 21st suit you best: the 17th, to return to a project you started on the 9th; and the 20th, to complete it. On the 20th, two business partners are in agreement with your plan and have made a financial decision satisfactory to you. When the Sun enters Aries on the 21st, you may feel out of the race. Work behind the scenes to consolidate your earlier gains; you do not need the reassurance of the spotlight. The 26th and 27th give you a preview of what is to come later in the year. Your prospects are fine, just in reserve for future recognition. To force rewards now would exhaust your sensitive nature.

LEO, July 23—August 23. *On the 16th, a new friend may ask a surprising favour. If you agree, you will have assumed a duty that ends in disappointment. The 18th is a joyous evening with one you love. Not until the 21st—when your beaming ruler, the Sun, enters Aries—do you feel your life spring with action. The 22nd and 23rd are best for personal pursuits. If you entertain on the 25th, curb extravagance. The evening of the 27th and all day on the 28th, your romantic nature will attract people and ideas that suit you. The last two days of the month: back to reality and the duties at hand. Take heart, springtime always revives your faith, for you know it means new loves for you.*

VIRGO, August 24—September 22. You do not mind your business affairs' making heavy demands, for the stimulation of your plans by others suits you. If a promise is not kept on the 16th, it will be on the 18th. At the end of the day on the 20th, keep an old promise that is really your duty. The pace quickens on the 23rd. Pass details to others, while you attend conferences or meetings that may require rigid attention for the next three or four days. The rest of the month will bring personal gains for you. Though taking off for the weekend of the 29th may seem a waste, you may as well do so. On the 30th, a situation arises that requires energy.

LIBRA, September 23—October 23. Your beneficial ruler, Venus, is in your opposition sign, Aries. This places you in the hands of others. But you enjoy the power coming from those you are in association with—it stimulates you. Wait until after the 16th to initiate ideas, or respond to an offer then. Early morning on the 18th is a good time to take up a new idea. Then the 24th gives you the answers. On the 25th, a proposal from an exciting new source might cast you in a completely new rôle. Do not give an answer until the 28th. You should not allow yourself to be rushed into accepting enduring contracts, unless you are quite sure of your own feelings.

SCORPIO, October 24—November 22. *You still have the most generous planet, Jupiter, in your birth sign. Even though it is now retrograding (moving backward), it is holding the good it brought you in reserve. Mars, in opposition, seems to be challenging your activities: That will just make you work a little harder. From the 18th to the full moon on the 23rd, move quickly to make your gains. The 25th is a very personal day; do something to gratify a whim. On the 30th and 31st, you receive information that reorganizes and restores a plan that you had thought was lost. Do not be anxious; Jupiter means to be exceptionally good to you this year.*

SAGITTARIUS, November 23—December 21. Your ruler, Jupiter, in the cleverest sign of the twelve, Scorpio, should make you very perceptive, especially as it moves out of Saturn's degree. On the 20th, provoke the interest of a new group to get an idea into working order. At the full moon, on the 23rd, engage the interest of those you would wish to buy it: Sagittarians are the zodiac's best salesmen. The 25th is acceptance or signing time. On the 28th, you have the right to seek a joyous adventure. Late Monday evening, the 30th, consider: First—a plan to write about an idea that is timely that you have researched and organized. Second—publicizing the idea now while Jupiter is good to you.

CAPRICORN, December 22—January 19. If you have any social obligations, you will have to put an end to them by the 20th. On that day you will be sought on all sides for attention to organizational affairs, workers, and decision making—this is a challenge. From the 23rd to the 27th, every judgment you make carries heavy responsibilities. Not until the 30th do you feel it safe to relax, and not until evening. The 31st is really the relief day of the month. Your ruler, Saturn, in Taurus, sign of values, forces to the fore practical ideas that require immediate handling. You are at your peak of performance when you are troubleshooting—your real forte.

AQUARIUS, January 20—February 18. *With Mercury and the Sun in your house of values, you wonder whether to concentrate on your job or on someone you love. Do both, dividing your energies. Give up this dual effort after the 21st. The 22nd changes everything, with Fire power—enthusiasm for life—stimulating your intellectual plan. Sell your ideas, or advertise. Full moon, the 23rd, provides the responses. The 25th is good for financial returns. Someone may take a perverse view on the 27th. A challenge on the 28th makes you more secure. Enjoy the weekend, fun (Fire) time. The 30th is changeable. Your ruler, Uranus, in Air Libra will be good to you for years—no need to force opportunity.*

PISCES, February 19—March 20. The sun and Mercury, still in Pisces, favour you until the 21st. From the 16th to the 20th, communicate with business people if you are interested in contracts or agreements of any kind, particularly those that need advertising or publicity. The 22nd changes the pace from negotiation to action. The best day to put all these matters into performance is the 23rd. It would be best to turn this program over to a coworker. Pisceans, born under a Water sign, have two more days for personal endeavours: the 25th and 26th. Jupiter, still in Scorpio, a Water sign, ensures that gains made thus far can be preserved and developed later.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



Knoll introduces the Gavina Group with designs by Breuer, Takahama, Magistretti, Tippett, Scarpa, Matta and Castiglioni.
Knoll International, Furniture and Textiles, 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Knoll International operates in 30 countries. Knoll

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Joel Grey ***has a nice saffron satin Dumbo and silver lamé stars on his yolk-yellow polo shirt.*** **1,** a chance find at Mr. Freedon in London, where the star of *Cabaret* and *George M!* was shopping for rehearsal clothes for a television show. The cartoon shirt typifies his approach to clothes in general: nothing too serious, too precious, no studied "look"—rather, lots of amusing finds to wear then discard, to combine in many ways, things found wherever he is performing . . . or, on holiday in Paris with his wife, Jo, where he found the long fake fur Tartar's tunic, **2,** to pad around at home in with jeans and sheer white pleated crêpe shirt. Meledandri in New York is the source for the essential navy blazer, **3,** "the closest I come to a suit these days. I wear it with a patterned shirt—maybe small red dots on white, and a big check of red-and-white tie from Meledandri, and velvet jeans." . . . Most precious find, **4,** an antique Arapaho Indian shirt covered in painted crystal beads of green, red, and yellow, trimmed with cowrie shell tassels. He found it while on tour in Arizona, plans to wear it a time or two, donate it to the Museum of the American Indian. The antique painted cardboard hat —like the Dumbo shirts— will probably be jettisoned once it ceases to amuse.

HAMILL



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MARCH 15, 1970

VOGUE's *eye view*

Paris says: This is the year to do your own thing with your hemline

Paris has shown us hemlines everywhere from the ankle to the highest mini heights—everything from midi pants to backless jumpsuits—the whole gamut. So let's blow away forever any worry about exactly *what* length is right. There are no rules. Let's relax ...wear whichever length —or as *many* lengths—as we want. Let's have fun...experiment. Be happy. *Enjoy* fashion in all its 1970 variety....Every longer skirt in Paris has a slash or a slit to it, revealing the long length of beautiful dark or shiny leg....Saint Laurent's line is always so long, so narrow, so attenuated. He has lengthened this line even further now. His shirtcoats land just above the ankle....At Dior every day costume is slightly above mid-calf....Every woman wants to own the tulip-leaf green linen lower-than-mid-calf-length dress that Givenchy shows with flat glacé kid espadrille sandals....About longer hemlines: Have a little discussion with your mirror ...experiment with what's right underneath —whether you want a matching colour sheer stocking and a shoe with two-and-three-quarter inches of block heel, less heel than that... or perhaps a little boot with hardly a heel at all.... What you know you *don't* want is a high, high heel....Those little faces at Dior! A makeup by Serge Lutens that is delicious—the colourings, tonalities of a polished peach skin. Rouge above the eye, around it, into the cheek...lips with a good deal of colour, totally shiny...the whole face gleams as if it had been given a coat of sheer, transparent lacquer....Ungaro makeup is fabulous. The eye rimmed all around, sometimes even up over the brows, in circles of violet rouge and tiny silvery-goldy dots....So much suède...at Givenchy, a wrap of a coat in palest blue...at Ungaro, a long coat over gaucho pants, boots, a Stetson hat, all of violet suède... at Grès, a bikini for the beach made of strapped-on triangles of earth-brown suède (Continued)

new length...new proportioning from the ground up

The line starts with the foot: the flat, flat glacé kid espadrille that gets it all off the ground and well on its way past a midi hem, until it finally hits the body at the lower midriff—Givenchy's adorable linen dress with long, little oval sleeves, in the clean pure green of a freshly watered tulip leaf. In Chatillon-Mouly-Roussel linen. To order, at I. Magnin. Espadrilles by Mancini for Givenchy.

AVEDON



PARIS:

Rainbow colours...violets, apricots, crimsons, and ivory... earthy hues of spring woodlands....

(Continued) ...at Dior, a hacking-about day look—narrow cardigan tunic and pants of umber suède cut all over to create a scaly lizard effect—remarkable....Crêpe de Chine is the fabric that walks softly on kitten's paws all over the Paris collections—a fabric so soft, so sensual to wear, to touch....The prints at Ungaro, extraordinary...so clean and fresh. Like closely mingled sketch lines on white, of orange, violet, purple, and often a silvering mixed in....Saint Laurent's palette—dusted over colours of terra-cotta, verdigris, greige, bois-de-rose—the colourings of Pompeian frescoes....Ungaro's collection is like entering into a trance of rainbows... beautiful tall modern girls moving in a totally languid way, veiled—from their maquillage through their clothes—in the softest, most incredibly romantic colours....Courrèges is the squirt of lemon, often outrageous...such joy, such a romp, such happy blatant colour and fashion...those wonderful real girls with sun-kissed skins, in colours from the comic strips—bright orange, or yellow and white, black and green stripes....Saint Laurent is going to bring lapels back into our lives....Lacquered lizard snaking through the Dior collection....Givenchy evening dresses—the shadings of a summer flower garden in full bloom...always with little matching slipper-sandals ribboned to the ankle...and small three-corner shawls to tie about the shoulders and throat....Saint Laurent's pants have Fred Astaire pleats at the top, slanted slash pockets which the girls, casually pushing back their coats, put their hands in....If you are going to the beach this summer, stop in Paris first. Courrèges has socko bathing suits—bikinis with a bosom-baring new cut and an ankle-length skirt that swings down from the hips and slashes open somewhere....Great beach life at Givenchy, Grès, too....Waistlines clasped very naturally just where they belong...with shiny lizard at Dior, a clasp of chrome at Ungaro, a belt of filigree suède at Saint Laurent...by a seam at Givenchy....Givenchy tosses two ropes of pearls around the neckline, one rope emerald green, the other real pearl, well out on the shoulders so that they loop down a bit front and back....Courrèges jumpsuits: the pants are wider, have no feeling of seam or crease but are like rounded tubes....One woman's way of contrasting Givenchy and Saint Laurent's evening looks: "Givenchy makes a woman look so rather helpless, in need of being taken care of...but a woman enters in a Saint Laurent—you know she can take care of herself...".The colour that swings most to mind: violet—in suède, in cashmere, in crêpe de Chine...fabulous played against crimson....For evening, the tops of chiffon dresses are cut like delicate lingerie—shoestring straps over the shoulders, holding small triangles of fabric over the breasts, revealing much....In every collection—the small head for femininity, the large-brimmed hat for dash....If there is one thing that all the Paris Collections have in common, it is the softness, the suppleness, the flow of the line of fabric against the body. There is nowhere a hard line, whether it is cut of gabardine at Saint Laurent or from a mist of chiffon or organza at Givenchy, or a fall of suède at Mme. Grès....



The strength of modern fashion...the strapped throat...the flash of a leg through a slash, a slit, a slot....Saint Laurent worn by Jean Shrimpton, Dior worn by Ingrid Boulting

The head at Dior is perfection, opposite: hair sleeked back under a peanut felt gaucho hat... throat wrapped with a bias-folded scarf, showing skin above and below...the whole face gleaming with transparent shine, rouge above the eye, around it, into the cheek. Serge Lutens makeup. Hat: Lord & Taylor. To order, I. Magnin....Saint Laurent's midi shirtdress, above—the newest-looking dress in Paris: pecan wool gabardine, buttoned down the front, slit in back to give legs all the room in the world. To order, Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Alexandre coiffure.... Saint Laurent's knees-up suit in brown gabardine, left—the midi skirt unbuttons and your legs flash out; the jacket, cropped at the waist. Dormeuil wool. To order, I. Magnin.

AVEDON



AVEDON

PARIS

Grès jersey, like moving sculpture on Ingrid Boulting....And one of the superb Dior coats, each more desirable than the other....

The back strapped like a sandal, opposite: a Grès dress of black jersey—impossible to describe how marvellous in motion. Folds of jersey at the bosom, around a triangle of bare skin. With it, a ring of black angora jersey to cover the head and shoulders. Dress of Racine jersey. To order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Perfume sensed here: Cabochard by Grès.

Belled with air, left—the midi skirt of Dior's navy wool belted coat with a tiny bodice, the sparest neckline closed down one side. Over navy wool jersey pants and silk tunic. With Dior's perfect little navy crochet cap, and the throat wrapped and wrapped in a biased navy wool scarf. Coat of Forneris fabric. To order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Shoes by Dior. Shiny-doll makeup by Serge Lutens.


AVEDON



Fantasy eye under a cowboy-shape hat, left—soft, powdery mauve suède set straight on the head, the eyes monocled in palest violet and sprinkled with tiny goldy-silvery dots. Lovely eyelashes, black, lifting away from the eyes like fragile butterfly wings. Apricoty-rouged cheeks, and romantic deep-coral pink colouring the mouth. Hair smoothed back off the brow into a little braided knot in back.... The hat and the mauve suède midi coat-and-pants turnout, with silk print scarf and wool shirt-tunic, to order at Berwit Teller. Eye makeup designed by Sonja Knapp. Coiffure by Carita.

Layers of lengths, right—sashed shirt-tunic to the top of the leg and mid-thigh skirt of soft orange-peacock-royal printed silk, plus a white welted gabardine midi coat rippling all around, topped off with a spiff white straw cowboy hat—great new proportioning at Ungaro. Of Nattier wool gabardine; print by Sonja Knapp for Nattier. To order at Berwit Teller. Ungaro hats, shoes.

Ungaro is entrancing: makeup and clothes in the softest, most incredibly romantic, pre-Raphaelite colours for beautiful modern girls—like Jean Shrimpton

PARIS



AVEDON



Colours to swoon over at Ungaro, and soft, wonderful suèdes—the Shrimp in a hooded raincoat and roving minstrel turnout

What a port in a storm, left—the most heavenly peachy-yellow canvas raincoat with a deep, deep hood; a watershedding duck's-back cape; a full, longer, back-pleated skirt; and all the good proportions all these good lines make over topaz suède pants; this is some coat! Bucol cotton canvas. To order at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Roving minstrel in tweed and suède, this page—the softest, crushiest, palest-beige suède makes the cowboy hat, jerkin, tucked-in britches, and boots. Very swaggery with a welted, hip-belted jacket of brown tweed, an orange-peel-orange crêpe de Chine scarf at the neck. Nattier wool. To order at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Coiffure by Carita.


AVEDON

PARIS

Saint Laurent says it all in his crêpes de Chine...the length, the languor, the balance and proportioning of well-tried patterns in untried sizes, colourings, designs...worn by the Shrimp

Printed midi dress in geometrics, far left, of beige crossed diagonally with brown and black, falling along the body and opening into pleats...a black silk scarf wrapped at the throat, trailing long long fringe. To order at I. Magnin. At Holt Renfrew of Canada,

Tunic and pleated skirt in blown-up banker's-tie prints, rear left, laid together in wide bands—long sleeves, long scarf swaying, box pleats blowing in muted tones of mauve, cinnamon, beige, navy, and black—falling to two inches above the anklebone. To order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

Crimson peasant shirt and patterned skirt, right: one blown-up banker's-tie print placed next to another in bands of softest claret, plum, blue, and navy... print scarf...and a waistband of silk beads and jet. To order, Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. All: Abraham silk crêpe de Chine. Saint Laurent jewe[illegible]



AVEDON

PARIS

Givenchy coat on Ingrid Boulting—suède brought to its most....Mouche getting where she's going in Dior's shirtcoat

A great Givenchy coat, opposite—so soft, so much care and detail in the work of it: buff suède, midi length, ingeniously curved to the body, all edges whipped with thongs of suède. No collar, waist tightly tied with a thonged sash and long fringe. Underneath, pants and a tunic of oyster silk linen. Coat of Cuvreau suède. To order at I. Magnin. Shoes by Mancini for Givenchy....And everywhere: Givenchy's Le De to perfume the air.

You can take Dior out of the country but—there's a great country swing to his below-the-knee shirtcoat, left, of pale-grey worsted twill. A tab, wrist straps, pocket flaps, a pleat down the back—a bit of all right with grey flannel pants and T-shirt, a tight-furled man's umbrella. Coat of Moreau fabric. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field. To order at I. Magnin.

PARIS



How about this Saint Laurent coat—and his flash-boy pants suit—sharp as a tack on the Shrimp

The lapels, the sleeve, the length, the flare to the skirt, left: a nomad's coat—you could go around the world in it, sleep out-of-doors in it—it could take you down every street, across every ocean in the world. You can put your hand under the collar and roll it up—very gorblimey. Very swash in camelly cashmere belted over shirt-tunic and pants in a neat, tiny print of cinnamon-navy-wine-beige crêpe de Chine; a matching print scarf flicked, unknotted, around the neck. Dormeuil cashmere; Abraham crêpe de Chine. To order, Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Alexandre coiffure. Here's a quick little boy, right: Saint Laurent's George Raft suit, the gabardine tailleur in taupe—one of his pointy-lapelled suits with sharp shoulders, diagonal flapped pockets.... A small, thin, supple look with pleated cuffed pants, crêpe de Chine shirt, fedora with the brim turned down, two-tone spectator pumps. Swell!... To order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. At Holt Renfrew of Canada. Saint Laurent jewellery. Both pages: shoes by Saint Laurent; the fragrance of Saint Laurent's parfum "Y."

AVEDON



Mouche in the Moroccan navy...Shrimp in flounces of peach on black panne...both, Saint Laurent

The eternal swagger of the navy, right—and a great way to get off a yacht. Navy-blue wool bolero braided in black and red, a scarlet cummerbund, and the new wide, cuffed pants in white linen. A lot of little cuff buttons, navy stitched beret. All, swaggering on navy leather sandals, cork wedges. To order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

Colour to melt your heart: this shade of peach, opposite, in a ruffled satin shirt, so feminine and pretty against skin, against a black crushed-velvet pants tailleur. With a dog collar of peach and jade colours—absolutely great! Silk velvet by Bianchini. To order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

At Holt Renfrew of Canada. Alexandre coiffures.

PARIS



AVEDON

1. YAMA YAMA
MAN LEGS

2. WHITE CRÊPE. VINYL
BALLOONS



3. WINDOWPANE WINDBREAKER, YAMA YAMA MAN BOOTS

4. CUT-AWAY MAILLOT, SLASHED-AWAY SKIRT

1. Yama Yama Man boots of white cotton jersey with orange terry spots and stripes, navy vinyl bands, white drawstrings. Navy vinyl jacket with spotted sleeves; spotted bikini. **2.** Bias-cut white crêpe midi appliquéd with giant vinyl balloons in orange, yellow, green, black; vinyl armband. **3.** Hand-painted navy windowpane checks on a hooded matte vinyl windbreaker; Yama Yama Man boots of matte vinyl. **4.** Backless, sideless maillot in navy stretch velours; the skirt, two panels of white matte vinyl tied together.
All fashions at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz.
Wigs: Courrèges creations, realized by Alexandre Diffusion.

Courrèges for the fun of it, the ease of it, the joy of it—such happy, blatant, comic-strip colours, such a romp for girls like the Shrimp

AVEDON

2. HEART CURVED SEAMS

1. STRAPPED-OPEN BACK, SLIT-OPEN FRONT

3. CHRISTOPHER ROBIN IN VINYL

4. BLOW-UP PANTS

5. BOSOM BARING, LEGS FLARING

AVEDON

Courrèges: sexy fit and cut, designed for good-humoured lives and fun

1. Back-strapped white crêpe dress, piped in matte white vinyl, slit in front. **2.** White crêpe jumpsuit; rounded seams curve over the derrière. **3.** Mid-knee slicker and Christopher Robin sou'wester in navy vinyl; orange sateen lining, orange vinyl garters on white knee socks. **4.** Big squashy white harem pants appliquéd with turquoise lifesavers and squares—nylon jersey mounted on nylon foam. **5.** Front view of the round-seamed white crêpe jumpsuit, top left: bosom a little bared...legs flared. **6.** Hooded white matte vinyl parka, purple braid drawstrings and antennae; matching booties. **7.** Scuba-diver in thin black vinyl, slicks of white. All fashions, at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. All wigs: Courrèges creations, realized by Alexandre-Diffusion.

6. HOODED VINYL PARKA

7. SCUBA DUBA



PARIS

Cardin and Lanvin doing charming things with silk, blowing it about, letting the air in...very laissez-aller...very Jean Shrimpton

Cardin's crêpe de Chine pyjamas, left, could blow from here to kingdom come, they're so soft and breezy: brilliant red, blue, purple, and white blocks of colour float out at every step, every turn— a scarf banding the neck and wrapped over the hair in back; panels billowing out from the waist of the long tunic, one before and one behind. In Bianchini silk.
To order at Bonwit Teller. Carita coiffure.
Lanvin throws a big blowy scarf, right— like a gypsy's—over the head and down over the shoulders of a blowy-sleeved midi dress—white polka dots on wide bands of yellow, pale-green, beige, and brown foulard.... Dark-brown stockings. And the new Paris shoe—simply a flat flat espadrille in brown patent.
Dress, in Bianchini silk. To order at Bonwit Teller....And wherever Lanvin's silks blow, there— keeping its promise— blows the fragrance of Arpège.

AVEDON

PARIS

Simply the most attractive,
luxurious, most beautiful looks you
could wear—the Shrimp in
Dior's shawled suède,
Ingrid in Saint Laurent's
new serene and soignée
evening mood

A night in Madrid with Annie Oakley, this page—Dior's marvellous butterscotch suède gaucho culotte swathed in a big, dashing, tie-silk Paisley shawl awash with black fringe. Suède by Hamon. To order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Dior shoes and stockings. Coiffure by Carita.

A Ruritanian princess, right—with light-drenched eyes, paled brows, dewy lips...hair parted in the middle and pulled back smooth under a coronet of braid. Serene, soignée—this is Saint Laurent's evening, here with his black crêpe pants suit, white ribbed silk shirt, a choker of jade lozenges. Coiffure by Alexandre.

AVEDON



PARIS

The beautiful colours of Givenchy —the colours of a garden of anemones and tulips, and all ravishing on Ingrid

Anemone-purple and white print ottoman midi, near right, held by a navy satin sash and so perfectly simple and smooth it just slides down the body to a deep pleated flounce. Beauclère silk-and-wool ottoman. At Marshall Field. To order, I. Magnin.
Tulip-red and white organza plaid midriff dress, far right, pure drift and sway, flounces and scarfs—one triangle wraps the neck, another the waist. To order, I. Magnin. On both pages: Givenchy jewellery; print shoes by Mancini for Givenchy; coiffures by Alexandre.



PARIS



Grès is having a bit of fun with the Indians— Ingrid Boulting swings the fringe, the Shrimp's in her poncho, and all's right with the world

Whooping it up in a wallop of fringe, left: Grès has turned out something marvellous in buttery, smoke-grey suède—a top slashed open and fringed on one side over fringed pants. Suède by Brujoliot. To order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

Get into a poncho, run with the times, right: diamond-set blocks of linen—pink, rose, magenta, plum—tied over Indian jodhpurs of plum chiffon. Linen by Veron. To order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Both pages: coiffures by Carita, hairpieces of Dynel.

AVEDON



International BEAUTY bulletin

BEAUTIES ARE TALKING ABOUT

....more colour on the mouth. Romantic apricots and peaches and melons....The no-eyebrow look achieved by bleaching and sometimes by plucking or shaving....Blonde-streaked false eyelashes going on brunettes....Colour-streaked lashes going on everybody....Mascara in brilliant greens and wild blues and far-from-shy violets.

...The new "hipster sari" in Pakistan—it leaves the navel bare.

...The interest in incense as a beauty accessory. To perfume clothes, compose the mind, lift the spirit. One woman will never dry her freshly-washed hair in a room in which incense does not burn. "The hair dries faster, stays scented longer."...There's an engaging little Japanese ceremonial incense set around. It's called Koh and comes with instructions on the ritual and all the trappings to do it right—small black brazier, chopstick, spatula, feather, charcoal, spoon. Takashimaya has a Koh in New York. ...Caswell-Massey has Collector's Incense Sticks in a splendid choice of flavours.

...Chignon on chignon in Paris and Rome. One on top of the other or a bun behind each ear.

...Bottom (below) of a fun black nylon jersey bikini by Courrèges. The back, of vinyl, polka-dotted, cut out, and appliquéd with a big brown hand. Courage is all it takes. To order: Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz.



...Oxygen—it's a gas. Being given, now, at salons to freshen up skins which, like everyone these days, are shouting give-me-air. Without enough of this vital element, skins become dull and lifeless; with a booster of oxygen, skins bloom with gratitude. To get this boost, one's head is slipped under a plastic dome that shoots oxygen to the nostrils. The head stays there for twenty minutes or so, and breathes—deeply, for the most benefit. The oxygen also helps rid the lungs of city poisons, relieves tiredness, even—we're told—perks up brains and memory. Two salons we know of who air this program: Elizabeth Arden in Paris, and Aida Grey in Los Angeles. At both, the oxygen is mixed with moisturizer to be even more refreshing.

Hair news: the fringe that just grew and grew and it's one you attach yourself. Hair right: wisped enchantingly, like the silky strands of a thistle's down riffled by a summer breeze. What's to this thistle-cut—usually lying flat, flat against the head? Real hair, stitched together to make strips, then feathered like false eyelashes to get that jaggy look. One piece, secured from ear to ear, falls over the brow. One reaches round the nape of the neck and a third holds across the crown of the head. The girl so prettily framed: Jean Shrimpton with her own hair pulled back taut into a little bun. Coiffeur behind it all: Christophe Carita.

AVEDON



Beauties are talking about...the electrical tingle putting travellers to sleep in hotels and motels all over the U.S., and now turning up in Europe. For instance, it's all around Portugal. You put a coin in the box beside the bed and the mattress shivers comfortingly for thirty minutes or so. (You can install one at home. It's called Magic Fingers; Hammacher Schlemmer, $45.)

...The hair ornament, pulling the small head together and holding smooth folds of hair way up and off the nape to show a long, long neck. Below, it's a shining golden arc designed by Alexandre for Givenchy.



...The distance between the new hemline and the foot, the sudden emphasis on the ankle and the shape of the lower leg, the realignment of the silhouette, all mean a sudden emphasis on leg exercises. One of the best from Elizabeth Arden's Marjorie Craig: lie on one hip, supporting body with elbow of underneath arm, hand of top arm. Now peddle a bicycle with both legs raised about 2" from floor. Really pump. Really feel the pull in your calves. Work up to 30 each side. Shoe for resultant trimness is The New Shoe of Paris (right) and right out of the Basque country: the flat flat patent espadrille with the rope sole. By Mancini for Lanvin.



...Contact lenses, the new cosmetic eye-full. With new Caprice lenses you can change the colour of your eyes totally and instantly. They're thin and lightweight, come in twelve dazzling shades, work for normal or corrective vision. See your optometrist. Turn, for instance, violet. See other eyes turn green?

Fun and frames. Courrèges again, piling on the wit. Right: outrageous, outsize sunglasses. Shaped like closed eyelids, top half lacquered robin's-egg blue, then a band of wide white "liner" and long, black, batty, Minnie Mouse plastic lashes. If you have to ask where to wear them, they're not for you.... At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. Wig: Courrèges creation realized by Alexandre-Diffusion.

...Aubergine, the eggplant eye shadow giving London faces a healthy, heavenly halo.

AVEDON

beauty gossip FROM ALL OVER

...The slimming case for the kimono. Young Japanese women who wear Western dress find that when they put on kimono for holidays, they eat less, stand taller because of the snugly-wrapped obi and the low cut of the kimono.

...The daytime spas opening up all over, joining up people with health....House of the Turtle in Dallas, where women come to be cossetted and treated with—maybe you can guess—Polly Bergen's fast-working Oil of the Turtle....The Presidents-First Lady health clubs—27 already in St. Louis, Phoenix, Oklahoma City, and Texas—and moving eastward...."We believe," said the president of Presidents, Richard Minns, "that if a person works out and eats here three times a week, he can go out and eat and do almost anything." The club menus list exact calories and ingredients. Here is a Muscle Punch, 170 calories and $1.40 the 10-ounce glass: Skimmed milk, brewer's yeast, wheat germ, High Protein, natural honey, one whole banana.

...THE WAY BETSY THEODORACOPULOS KEEPS HER LIP GLOSS HANDY: A LARGE DOLLOP OF IT IN A FANTASTIC DIAMOND-CLASPED GOLD MINAUDIÈRE. GIANNI BULGARI MADE IT FOR HER. IT HANGS LIKE A PENDANT AROUND HER NECK ON A THICK ORANGE SILK CORD....

...The gels that are changing the face of makeup. Body gels, bath gels, rouge gels, gleamers, cleansing gels, eye and lip glosses. What is a gel? A lab man said, "Every housewife who has made Jell-O will understand. Gelatin swells, holds water, and gets firm. Shampoos that come in tubes are usually gels, for instance."



...Energetics—a system in which you balance energy (calorie) credits against energy (calorie) debits. You get credits for your activities (25 calories for an hour of reading, 300 for an hour of slow cycling) and you debit yourself for food calories consumed. Charts and worksheets to figure this all out with are provided in a fascinating new book, Energetics—Your Key to Weight Control, ***just published by Sherbourne Press. It's by Grant Gwinup, M.D., who is chairman of the Division of Endocrinology and director of the Metabolic Research Laboratory at the University of California at Irvine. Among scores of provocative diet revelations: "There is...one fairly well-established difference in eating patterns between fat and thin people; this has to do with the frequency with which they eat. Thin people are much more likely to eat three or more times a day, while fat people are more likely to eat less often....Many people with weight problems have a tendency to do most of their eating later in the day."...Breakfast, anyone?***

...The sculptured garter (right) of silver and copper alloy, by Oscar Gustin for Ungaro. The thigh it glints from must be equally supple and buffed and bronzed.

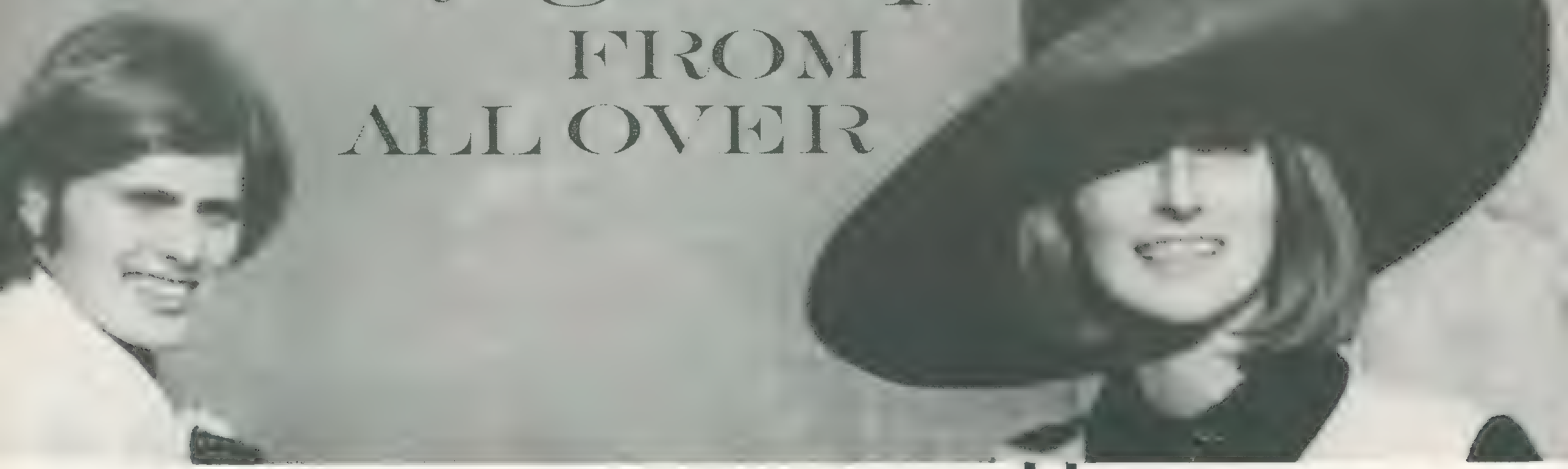
BEAUTY *bulletin*

She's a northern beauty. Memorable, remarkable. Dolores Guinness lives in Paris with her three children and spends many months of the year with them skiing, swimming, sailing in beautiful, breezy places. Her extravagant hair's the colour of Moselle. Her eyes, which transfix you with undivided attention, are like the Baltic, with an undercurrent of the waters that lick Acapulco. Her carriage is mesmerizing, her bonework extraordinary.... How does such a beauty keep such beauty happening? A few simple prescriptions. Lots of sleep—"Eleven or twelve hours at least twice a week." Lots of fast walking and bicycling in the Bois de Boulogne. Lots of stair-climbing on tiptoe—"It hardens the leg muscles." Lots of scalp massage and brewer's yeast pills for her polished hair (coiffed, right, by Carita). And a few firm beauty no's, for which, see page 17.

HENRY CLARKE

What makes beauty happen? MRS. PATRICK GUINNESS

beauty gossip FROM ALL OVER



The place (above): Rome. The fellow: Bengt Eklund, Swedish actor, who appeared recently in the United Artists TV series, To Catch a Thief. The beauty point: on the girl, loose swinging hair, curving into the face, under this season's big hat. Valentino black straw.



...The way a French movie star uses Elizabeth Arden's Velva Cream Masque: puts it all over her bosom at night because she thinks it does her a world of toning, tightening good.... The luminous, everything-shines look of Principessa Pignatelli. It begins right under her eyebrow with pink shadow over blusher, and then mauve gloss on eyelid....The places people wear their Dynatone belts. Mrs. Columbus O'Donnell wears hers with an eyelet shirt and a bikini while she works in her Nassau garden....Meditation and one Italian beauty's angle on it. All made up, all ready to go out at night, she takes a ten-minute rev up lying flat on the white woven Portuguese carpet in her immaculate, white, flower-filled bathroom—and listens to Bossa Nova records.

THE PLACE (ABOVE): MADRID. THE BEAUTY POINT: THE SMALL WRAPPED HEAD. WRAPPED HERE LIKE A GYPSY'S, IN A LONG, LONG SCARF PULLED CLOSE IN TO THE NAPE AND CLEARING THE FACE FOR THE CLEANEST LINES OF MAKEUP. THE SCARF BELONGING TO ITS OWN LONG, SLIM, LOOSELY-BELTED COAT AND PANTS OF PALE-GREEN AND WHITE BATISTE. THE PERFUME, PERTEGAZ'S COOL, GREEN-NOTED "DIAGONAL." FROM PERTEGAZ BOUTIQUE. BERGDORF GOODMAN COUTURE BOUTIQUE. TO ORDER, I. MAGNIN; EL PALACIO DE HIERRO, MEXICO CITY.

...Oral surgery and the new surge of interest from adults. As many as one in four patients to get corrective treatment—ranging from elastic bands on their teeth to a broken jaw for realignment of features—is over twenty. Furthermore, says one orthodontist, they make more fuss about it, are more self-conscious than their offspring, and just may, when the transformation is complete, leave home for greener pastures.

The place (right): Rome. Beauty point: the stand-out lenses by Piave for Mila Schön. Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hair, Sergio Valente.

Double, double, oil and trouble

Skins sometimes lose their balance—and stir up a double-dose of oiliness. All over the face, or stripped down the middle with the rest of the face dry-skinned. Either way, skin like this can be in trouble, call out for help to become what it should be—gleamingly pretty. Happens now there's a unique skin balancing act that does this deliciously: a six-part plan called Skin Balance from Helena Rubinstein that reins in the oil, makes for a water-fresh-looking, normalized skin. Run-down of the six: Normalizing Granules, a gentle friction scrub that lathers with water. Tingling Normalizing Masque. Star billing goes to Pre-Makeup Normalizer, like a blotter between skin and makeup. Foamy Normalizing Cleanser. Normalizing Toner that sweeps off oil. And, for oily hair that usually goes with oily skin, the great idea of a rich, lathery Normalizing Shampoo.

GENE LAURENTS







HOW TO WEAR

THE NIFTY NEW LOOKS

IN AMERICA NOW



It's not how long you make it, it's how you make it long—or short. Thigh-high, below-the-knee, midi, maxi—whatever the length, it's all in the proportion and how you play it. . . . With a big marvellous hat, throat-strapping scarf. Leather and hardware. Beads, fringe, thongs. Wrap, strap, sash, loop, flip. Mix up the colours. Mix up the prints. Belts, bright tights, boots. Bright-red shoes. All that American health, zest, go. Cat-spots, feathers, and snaky shoes, left: that's one delicious way to play a long covered dress of leopard-printed silk organza with coin paillettes on the sleeves and high bodice—and a preen of feathers pulled up under your chin. Bill Blass; Tzaims Luksus-TSM print. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Clifton Nicholson feather necklace. Capezio cobra-linen pumps. Chair from Bazar. Tie your printed midi loose and low, right, with its own narrow sash or with a thong, as we've done it—just wrap the sash around your neck like a dog collar. And remember: red shoes and red stockings look so great with so many things—especially a print like this. Red-and-white-printed violet jersey dress, by Gregory; of Arnel. About $32. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's, all stores. Belt by Atelier Nina. Round-the-Clock tights. Shoes by Roger Vivier, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Feather necklace by Clifton Nicholson. Both coiffures by Suga, with pale Dynel streaks at left, and on both, the kind of healthy-hair shine that might happen after a drench of Ogilvie's Cream Conditioner with Protein.



IN AMERICA NOW:
THE SLIT

Swing your foot through the slit, left, and slap the patterns together: a spotted silk shirt with a plaid midi wrapskirt of polished cotton, a bias-folded India-print scarf to strap tight at the neck . . . and throw on some fringe. By Adolfo. Shirt about $110; skirt about $130. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Glentex scarf. Ruza Creations necklace. Belt by Elegant. Round-the-Clock tights. Roger Vivier shoes, to order: Saks Fifth Avenue. Suga wig. The slit midi's a kick, this page, with shiny red boots—really nifty proportions. Red-and-white-patterned silk shirt, piped white cotton piqué bolero, and front-slashed midi sashed at the waist. There's that throat-strapping scarf again, and a string of big amber beads. By Oscar de la Renta; shirt of Onondaga silk. Late March: Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Frost Bros.; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. K.J.L. necklace. Monet bracelets. Boots: David Evins for Oscar de la Renta. Both pages: Richelieu rings.



IN AMERICA NOW:

THE HEADDRESS IDEA... LEATHER MIDI COAT WITH SWING

This delicious fantasy headdress, opposite, was dreamed up in Rome by Donna Marina Lante della Rovere—lots and lots of long, silky fringe wrapped around a tight little violet cap and pouring down like a Bedouin's *kaffiyeh*....Just an idea to give you a few of your own. Such as: how pretty it would be to vary your look with all sorts of divine head-coverings—beads and fringe and wrappings and strappings of leather and scarfs. ...Makeup: Gil of Max Factor. With the quilted white leather midi coat, this page, legs are it: the top ties, the skirt falls open, and out flashes the leg, dark and shiny, and with boots to the ankle —very sharp, very nifty way to wear a midi. Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Fedora by Adolfo. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Coat, also at Higbee's. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Tights: Burlington-Cameo. El Greco boots.

PENATI

FRANCO RUBARTELLI







You can wrap and strap, left: you can take this perfectly simple black knit tunic and pants and wrap leather thongs at the waist and hip—and strap your throat with a bias-folded scarf—and isn't this pretty nifty, yes? Kimberly turnout (with a matching skirt); of knitted Trevira Star. About $90. Bergdorf Goodman; Halle's, Cleveland; Rich's; Maas Brothers, Florida; J. W. Robinson. Glentex scarf. Belts: Thomas Robbins, Ruza Creations. You can fringe up your white jumpsuit, right, with a marvellous long rust suède weskit just dripping with the swishiest, swingiest fringe around. Plus lots of fringe dangling from the wrists. Beged-Or weskit. About $90. Henri Bendel; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Kimberly jumpsuit. Trifari necklace. Monet bracelet. Belt by Elegant. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. You can wear a midi suède jacket, far right—a zipped, sleeveless, chocolate-brown one—gives a wonderful long line over a white jumpsuit; and we love the look of leather thongs scarf-tied at the throat. Beged-Or jacket. About $95. Henri Bendel; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Kimberly jumpsuit. Ruza Creations necklace. Rings by Thomas Robbins. Boots by Fashion Craft. Coiffures by Suga; Tovar-Tresses wig at left.

IN AMERICA NOW:
LOOK WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH PANTS

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

Bárbara Manzano

IN AMERICA NOW:

WEAR A BIG HAT WITH DRESSES OF ALL LENGTHS

Bárbara Manzano, left, is a young Spanish beauty who knows how to keep her head—under a wide-brimmed hat in soft black felt—the kind of great big hat topping off some of the niftiest new looks....From Rocafort, Madrid. Give your legs an opening, above right—wear a midi coatdress slit up the front in navy-and-white cotton dotted all over and bound in navy braid... terrific with bright-red leather boots, fringy white gloves, and a navy-and-white print scarf strapped at the throat. Oscar de la Renta (Sormani fabric). Late March, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Sakowitz. Scarf by Knize. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Boots: David Evins for Oscar de la Renta.

Here's a pretty way to look in a short white shirtdress, centre right—shiny white satin boots to the knee and a bias-folded print scarf knotted at your throat. The shirtdress, in softest crêpe de Chine, is tied with white braided silk. By Mollie Parnis, of silk. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle's, Cleveland. Knize scarf. Rings by Marvella. Atelier Nina fabric belt. Boots by Golo. Dynel hair streaks by Tovar-Tresses.

With a thigh-high dress of off-white crochet, below right, what more would you want than a choker, a couple of thongs, bare shining legs—and maybe a big straw fedora? Adolfo dress, of wool and silk. About $215. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Choker and belt by Thomas Robbins. Coiffures by Suga.











VOGUE PATTERNS

Wrap your skirt, wrap your throat, left, and slap on a great big red matadòr hat—¡olé! Navy knit midi skirt held by a wide waistband and a little matching bolero with white frogs, white fringy tassels, white braid. Under the jacket, a white shirt bias-wrapped at the throat. Vogue Pattern 2266 by Saint Laurent, of Trevira Star (J. G. Knits fabric). Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Lazarus; Boston Store. Frogs and braid by Franken Trimming. Adolfo felt hat. Tassels by Riché of George Richardson. Tights by Burlington-Cameo. Andrew Geller shoes. Wrap it up, wrap it all up, right: the dress wraps, the shawl wraps, and dozens of pearls wrap the throat—midi and white-fringed shawl in brown matte jersey. Dress: Vogue Pattern 2281 by Chuck Howard. Jasco rayon jersey. At Winston's, St. Louis. Fringe: Franken Trimming, at Altman's. Marvella necklace. Tights by Burlington-Cameo. Shoes by Palizzio. Suga coiffure. Pattern details, page 133.

PENATI



IN AMERICA NOW:
WRAP, WRAP, WRAP YOUR MIDI

VOGUE PATTERN 2281

How psychotherapists

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Haim Ginott, professor of psychology at New York University, is the author of two books of great reputation:* Between Parent and Child *and* Between Parent and Teenager.

Do psychotherapists make better parents than people without training? This question is seldom asked, though the answer is not obvious. A group of psychologists and psychiatrists met to discuss this touchy subject.

DR. ADAMS: The public expects its mental-health expert to be a better parent. If he personally can not benefit from his professional experience and insight, what hope is there for his patients?

DR. BRUCE: On the other hand, the same public, not without delight, tells funny jokes about the disturbed and disturbing children of psychologists and psychiatrists.

DR. CHAMBERS: The question is: Can professional competence be personalized? Can psychological principles be translated into child-rearing practices?

DR. DAVID: I have my doubts. I am understanding and tolerant with my child patients. But I easily lose my temper with my own children. I get angry, I yell, nag, and insult. Just like a parent.

DR. FIELD (*to Dr. David*): In a lecture, you once said: "What counts in parent-child relations is not a particular method but general attitudes." I know you have a marvellous general attitude toward your own children. So, how is it that in daily existence you make their lives miserable?

DR. DAVID: I can't be objective with my own children. I am spontaneous. I don't use any deliberate techniques on them.

DR. ADAMS: What's wrong with applying to your own children methods proved helpful with your young patients?

DR. DAVID: It seems so manipulative, so contrived, so lacking in spontaneity.

DR. GREEN: The mental hospitals are full of patients who as children were given the "spontaneous treatment" by their parents. "What was on their lungs was on their tongues." And their tongues spewed invectives and insults.

DR. DAVID: You mean, you are against being spontaneous with your own children?

DR. GREEN: No, not at all. What I'm against is impulsivity masquerading as spontaneity. There is nothing wrong in parents examining their natural reactions to their children—to separate the chaff from the wheat, to learn what helps and what hurts.

DR. HILL: Are you saying that some of our spontaneous reactions may be damaging our children? I agree. Even under provocation, it would never occur to me to call a young patient abusive names. Yet, I do it to my own son.

DR. IVY: Same here. When one of my child patients accidentally spilled red paint in the playroom, I knew exactly how to respond: "Oh. The paint spilled. We need a sponge. And here is some water for you." It was a spontaneous remark. It was not contrived but neither was it accidental. It was the result of my therapeutic training.

DR. BRUCE: Suppose your son accidentally spilled paint on the rug at home. What then?

DR. IVY: Don't ask! Of course it would depend on my mood, but I have been known to blame, name, and shame.

DR. BRUCE: Give us the gory details!

DR. IVY: "Look what you did. You are so clumsy. You are like a bull in a china shop. You are nothing but trouble. How many times do I have to tell you to be careful. It's no use. You are a slob. Always were and always will be."

DR. CHAMBERS (*laughing*): All in one breath?

DR. IVY: No. I gave you a composite. And it's no laughing matter. I can see how protective I am always of my little patients and how destructive I can sometimes be with my own child. In the heat of the moment, I don't think of applying my "trained spontaneity" to my own son.

DR. ADAMS: A great master once told his students, "Learn techniques and then forget them." This is the *veritas* of every virtuoso. It applies also to us.

DR. BRUCE: Isn't there a danger that you will become a therapist, not a parent to your child?

DR. ADAMS: No. Not at all. I give my child patients the best I've learned. And that includes properly timed interpretations of unconscious processes. I would *not* think of interpreting for my own children. But, what is sensitive, compassionate, and human changes very little from office to home.

DR. CHAMBERS: I wouldn't think of trying out any psychological theories on my own children.

DR. GREEN: Why not? Wouldn't you rather be psychotherapeutic than psychonoxious?

DR. CHAMBERS: Just as a surgeon can not operate on his own family, a psychiatrist can not be a therapist to his own child.

DR. FIELD: Are you saying "I have

BY DR. HAIM GINOTT

deal with their children

learned nothing in child psychiatry that is useful to me in child rearing"?

DR. CHAMBERS: I wouldn't go that far.

DR. FIELD: How far would you go? I found my training in medicine and psychiatry relevant to my own life. When my son broke his arm, I didn't faint at the sight of his bone sticking out of his skin. I administered first aid: physical and emotional. And helped him cope with his pain and his panic.

DR. HILL: I wonder why we apply so little of our clinical know-how to bringing up our children. I, for instance, deal with my son essentially the way my mother dealt with me. I sometimes even use her tone of voice. It is as though I were replaying a familiar tape.

DR. CHAMBERS: Are you looking for an unfamiliar tape? A new script? The sound of a different drummer?

DR. HILL: I don't like my parental tape. All parents unconsciously recite past scripts. But we are aware. We should be able to write our own script and follow the sound of our own drum.

DR. BRUCE: Yet you sound like a typical parent.

DR. HILL: I do, and it bothers me. At home, when the feathers hit the fan, I don't know how to turn it off. Like other parents, I regress and regret, even *after* a personal analysis and professional training.

DR. BRUCE: All parents are vulnerable. There is no way to win with your own children. Heads we lose. Tails they win. Children are enemies of adults. They are dependent on us. And dependency breeds hostility.

DR. IVY: Yet, in therapy we know how to make friends of children. Only at home we are at a loss.

DR. ADAMS: Children present concrete problems which do not yield to glittering generalities about love, respect, acceptance, individual differences, and personal uniqueness. These concepts are too large. They are like a thousand-dollar bill—good currency but useless in meeting daily needs, such as buying a cup of coffee, taking a cab, or making a phone call. For daily life, we need coins. For child rearing, we need psychological small change, akin to that used in child therapy.

DR. DAVID: That was a nice speech. I have no argument with it, so far. But pray tell me, what is psychological small change?

DR. ADAMS: Specific ways of dealing effectively and humanly with the minute-to-minute happenings: the small irritations, the periodic conflicts, the sudden crises.

DR. DAVID: Tell us how you as a parent have benefited from you as a therapist.

DR. ADAMS: I can give you a list as long as a book. But I am afraid you'll think I have all the answers. Well, I don't. But I have learned to respond more humanly to the daily difficulties presented by my children.

DR. BRUCE: Just the facts, Doctor, just the facts, please! What did you take home from child therapy?

DR. ADAMS: I have learned how to express anger without insult. Even under provocation, I don't call my children abusive names. I don't offend their personality attributes and don't attack their character traits. I don't tell them whom they resemble or where they'll end up. Instead, just as in therapy, I state what I see, what I feel, and what needs to be done.

DR. DAVID: You mean you don't lose your temper with your children?

DR. ADAMS: On the contrary: Now, I am not *afraid* of my anger. Because I know how to express it without doing damage. I am authentic: My words fit my feelings.

DR. BRUCE: What else have you learned in child therapy?

DR. ADAMS: That the beginning of wisdom is silence, and that authority calls for brevity. So I talk less and I listen more. Where things go wrong, I don't teach lessons, I look for solutions. I've learned to respond to my children's complaints without being defensive or counter-complaining. I often employ sympathetic grunts and brief comments.

DR. CHAMBERS: Such as?

DR. ADAMS: "Ohhh. I see. So that's what happened. So that's how you feel. So that's your considered opinion. I appreciate your sharing your views with me. Thank you for bringing them to my attention. Let me write down your suggestions to help me remember." I deliberately avoid embarrassing questions. I avoid cold logic in hot situations. Since the world talks to the mind, I talk to the heart.

DR. BRUCE: That's just common sense.

DR. GREEN: No, I think it takes uncommon sense. For instance, in child therapy I have learned that even some praise can be destructive. So I don't use it. Either in the playroom or at home. I avoid praise that puts a child (Continued on page 136)

People are TALKING about

the side threats of the handy chemicals that kill weeds or keep food fresh. . . . The test cases now being prepared in most states to challenge abortion laws as unconstitutional. . . . The extravagant beauty of the film *Zabriskie Point* with the director Antonioni squandering images of Pop Art and Found Art intensity as if they were Kleenexes. . . . "Rip off": a way to say steal, gyp, or exploit. . . . Judy Mayhan, a young, weathered, blond singer and songwriter who has cut no records but sent shivers along the hype waves with her performances at the Troubadour in Los Angeles. . . . The Richard Harris book, *The Fear of Crime*, detailing how the Omnibus Crime Bill was enacted by Congress in 1967–68 with some sidelights on law and order, on more police power, on tying up the Supreme Court.

People are talking about . . . *Ringo Starr in* The Magic Christian, *a film overblown to the point of asphyxiation with Peter Sellers putting on and off accents as if they were funny hats, and Ringo, low-key, so deadpan that his expression changes only when he does isometric facial exercises. . . . Simon and Garfunkel's first new album in two years,* Bridge Over Troubled Water, *with the entrancing title song mostly sung by Art Garfunkel in a sweet boy soprano. . . . Julie Bovasso, who wrote, directed, and starred in* Gloria and Esperanza, *a tumble of vaudeville, morality play, and farce, and who proved in the play's recent limited Broadway run that Julie Bovasso is her own best thing: a slow, out-of-step, morose comedian with good legs and a face like a melted Kabuki devil's mask. . . .* Custer Died for Your Sins, *a powerful, sometimes contemptuous account of the American Indians now and what they want, by Vine Deloria, Jr., a Standing Rock Sioux and a blunt and witty man.*

People are talking about . . . The Duke of Windsor on BBC television suggesting in his first serious interview that he would have collided with the Establishment if he hadn't met Mrs. Simpson first. . . . James Taylor's second album, *Sweet Baby James,* with Taylor singing his songs for fair-weather cowboys, especially "Sunny Skies" about his friend Sunny Skies, an Indian living in London. . . . Tantric art, and the fifty Hindu mystical and sexual meditations, intricate and brilliant, some dating from the fifth century, from the Alexandra Marc Collection, opening at The Jewish Museum in New York on March 17.

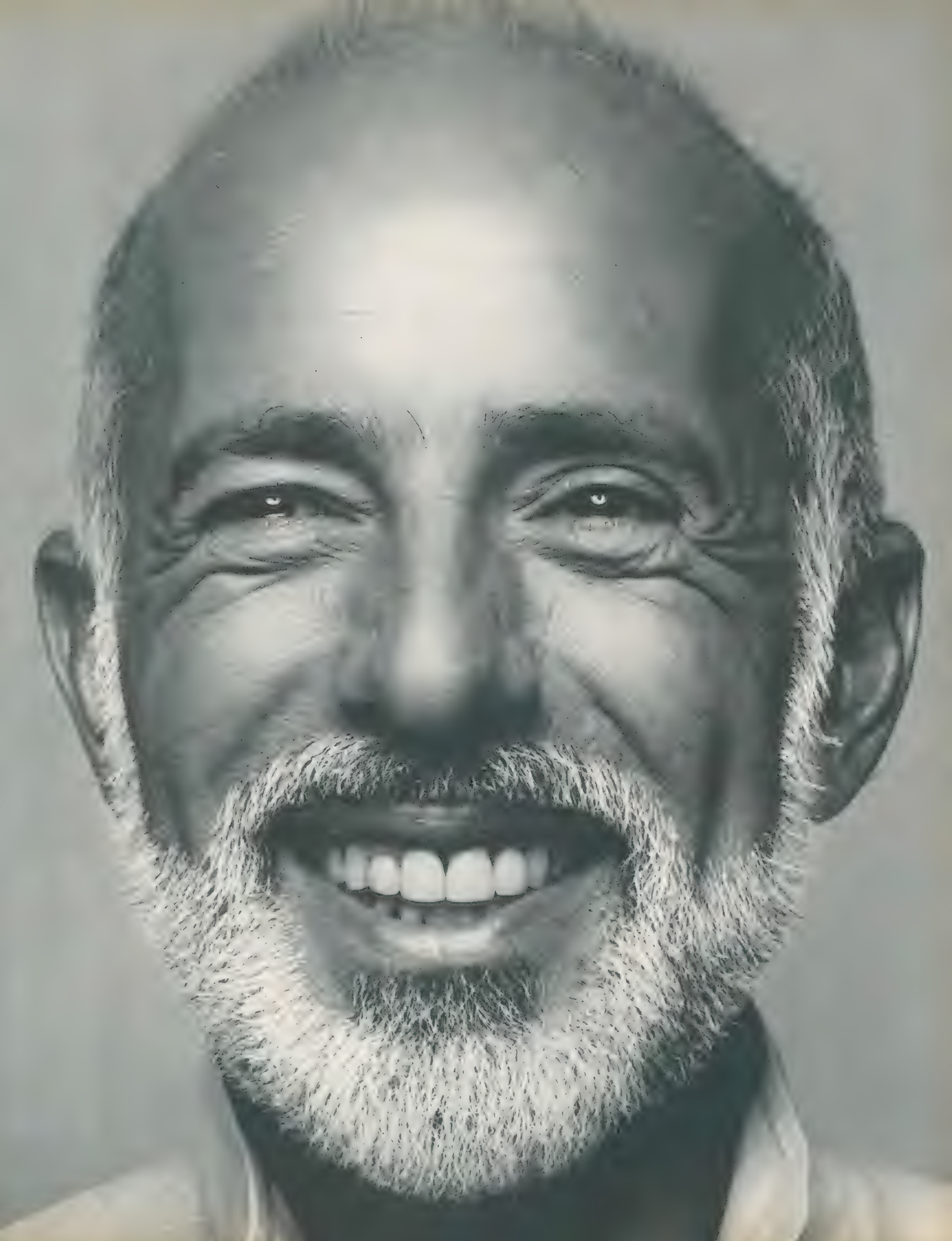
People are talking about . . . Sheep on the Runway, *Art Buchwald's batty, animated column posing on Broadway as a play. . . . Airport, a big, silly, 1940-style movie with Jean Seberg and Dean Martin looking curiously like Lana Turner and Chester Morris, and the most up-to-date performer a Boeing 707. . . . In Paris, the pleasure now at the Casino de Paris of Philippe Genty's superb marionettes: His star, a feather boa, tries on hats, is raped by a camera, and turns into three ballerina chickens. . . . The new recording of Karlheinz Stockhausen's witty* Hymnen *that uses national anthems as raw material for a 114-minute electronic composition; "The more self-evident the What," Stockhausen said, "the more attentive the listener becomes to the How."*

People are talking about . . . Jean Pace, an enchantment in the Oscar Brown, Jr., musical revue *Joy,* singing, dancing, enjoying her outsize Afro and cat's-whisker eyelashes, and looking like a Black Betty Boop or an elongated puppet that has slipped its strings. . . . *In a Silent Way,* Miles Davis's album, smooth, mysterious, into it.

People are talking about . . . *Dick Gregory's cheer-up prophecies of doom, now on an album, including his thought about Washington, D.C.: "The only town in the world a cat can stick up a bank in and git mugged on the way to the getaway car." . . . William O. Douglas, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, whose new book,* Points of Rebellion, *shows up some of the targets for dissent, including the Federal food program and the big-time farmers who lobby the Department of Agriculture with the result that the Texas food producers "who constitute .02 per cent of the Texas population received 250 million dollars in subsidies, while the Texas poor, who constitute 28.8 per cent of the Texas population, received 7 million dollars in food assistance."*

JEROME ROBBINS.

master choreographer, whose newest ballet, *In The Night,* has just gone into the repertory of the New York City Ballet, is a laughing, brilliant man, tanned, with a short white beard, who still does his exercises at a ballet barre in his town house. With *In The Night* Robbins continues the serene, contained, abstract joy of his last-season ballet, *Dances at a Gathering,* both to Chopin music. In these two ballets, that joy has been caught by the dancers and shared with the audiences. They are ballets of marvellous lifts, of special walking glides, of partnerships. A careful man, Robbins, who has done twenty ballets, twenty shows including *West Side Story,* two television shows, two films, several straight plays, and one opera—*The Tender Land,* its score by Aaron Copland—began as a dancer. While on a dance tour in Europe in 1952, he suddenly thought "my head is too old for this stuff." By 1956 he stopped dancing. When he started his two Chopin ballets, he worked to Artur Rubinstein recordings. Now, Jerome Robbins is at work on his twenty-first ballet, this one to the Bach *Goldberg Variations.* It promises to be unlike *In The Night.* Sixteen minutes long, all to nocturnes, *Night* has moments in which the dancers—Kay Mazzo with Anthony Blum, Violette Verdy with Peter Martins, and Patricia McBride with Francisco Moncion—seem like those dazzling insects, darning needles, in and out of the light of night. AVEDON



PEOPLE TALKIN' 'BOUT...

1. SAM SHEPARD, the rangy, down-at-the-mouth playwright and rock musician who seems to be coming at the theatre from all directions. Shepard, who wrote dialogue for Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point*, opens his sprawling play, *Operation Sidewinder*, about a berserk, runaway computer, this month at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre in New York. Shepard's plays, until now produced Off, Off-er, and Off-est Broadway, are a freaky mixture of the new politics, science fiction, and Westerns. Shepard, who doesn't like to talk, fills his conversation with mock rhetorical flourishes and fake messages punctuated by "beep-beeps" and "wows"—like an ambulatory TV set.

2. LORRAINE ELLISON, who cuts loose with the title song—a direct, sweet, gospel sound—on her new album *Stay With Me* (Warner Bros.). Born in Philadelphia and brought up on church music, singing with her own group in high school, Lorraine Ellison almost got lost in the lush, overproduced sound of a big record company. Now the big open voice, the next-to-the-bone fervour win out: "That's the way I sing...."

3. "ANDREI RUBLEV," a beautiful Russian film banned in Russia that asserts the right of the artist to defy his times. Made by thirty-eight-year-old Andrei Tarkovsky in two years, the movie, set at the chaotic end of the Middle Ages, has as its central figure Rublev, the fifteenth-century painter-monk, the greatest of the Russian icon makers. Haunted by suffering faces, the film slowly unfolds Rublev's affirmation of joy through his religious paintings and his final refusal to paint a grim Last Judgment for the Church: This burst of faith, perhaps prophetic, seemed especially objectionable in Moscow.

4. HÉLÈNE CIXOUS, a young French Algerian writer and professor, and her extreme, brilliant novel *Dedans* (Inside). A hypnotic monologue, the novel circles round and round the death of a young woman's father, building up in flashing instants a powerful reverie, "I began by revoking God whose uselessness was only too manifest, and I replaced him by my father...."A James Joyce scholar, her father an Algerian, her mother a German Jewish refugee, Hélène Cixous sees herself without roots, attached to life by words, put off by the emptiness of some current French novels.

5. "AAH!" (1962), one of the paintings by Richard Hamilton, the first British Pop artist, in the exhibition of his work at the Tate Gallery in London until April 19. Hamilton, who paints the clichés and slickness of mass communications into his works, is fascinated by the psychology of mass-think. Humorous and bold, Hamilton takes the media easy.

6. JAMES VAN DERZEE, the eighty-three-year-old Harlem photographer whose photographs (shown here, a photograph of his daughter Rachel and his first wife, Kate, taken at the beginning of his career) were rediscovered by Reginald McGhee and are now gathered in a book, *The World of James Van Derzee: A Visual Record of Black Americans* (Grove Press). Working for six decades, Van Derzee piled up some thirty-five to fifty thousand prints or negatives—an extraordinary sweep of Black history—in his small, dark Lenox Avenue studio.

PHOTOGRAPHS: 1, RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN; 4, PHILIPPE DANIEL; 5, TATE GALLERY

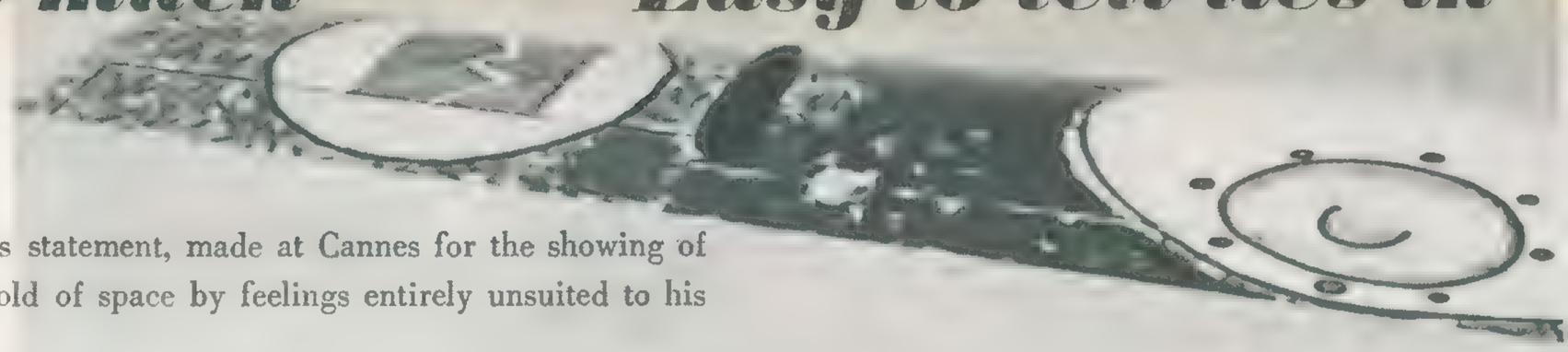
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AAH!

6

"People talk too much" "Easy to tell lies in



Samuels: What did you mean by your famous statement, made at Cannes for the showing of *L'Avventura*, that "man is burdened on the threshold of space by feelings entirely unsuited to his needs"?

Antonioni: I meant to say exactly what I said: that we are saddled with a culture that hasn't advanced as far as science....Scientific man is already on the moon, and yet we are still living with the moral concepts of Homer. Hence this upset, this disequilibrium that makes weaker people so anxious and apprehensive, that makes it so difficult for them to adapt to the mechanism of modern life.

Samuels: That much I understand, but I'm puzzled about some implications. Do you mean to imply that the old moral baggage must be thrown away? If so, is that possible? Can man conceive of a new morality?

Antonioni: Why go on using that word I loathe! We live in a society that compels us to go on using these concepts, and we no longer know what they mean. In the future—not soon, perhaps by the twenty-fifth century—these concepts will have lost their relevance. I can never understand how we have been able to follow these worn-out tracks, which have been laid down by panic in the face of nature. When man becomes reconciled to nature, when space becomes his true background, these words and concepts will have lost their meaning, and we will no longer have to use them.

Samuels: Let me match your statement with a moment in one of your films. By the end of *L'Avventura*, Sandro recognizes that his promiscuity is harmful—to Claudia, with whom he has had the one intense relationship of his life, so far as we know. Do you mean us to believe that his ensuing guilt (inspiring him to tears) is an error because what makes him feel this guilt are conceptions of romantic love and personal responsibility that have become irrelevant burdens?

Antonioni: Sandro is a character from a film shot in 1960 and is therefore entirely immersed in such moral problems. He is an Italian, a Catholic, and so a victim of this morality. We live in a country with the Pope, the Vatican, and this is enormously important to all of us. There isn't a school in Italy, not a law court without its crucifix. We have Christ in our houses, and hence the problem of conscience, a problem fed to us as children that afterwards we have no end of trouble getting rid of. All the characters in my films are fighting these problems, needing freedom, trying to find a way to cut themselves loose, but failing to rid themselves of conscience, a sense of sin, the whole bag of tricks.

Samuels: I don't think you're proposing something that's only a matter of time. Would it indeed ever be good to dispense with the bag of tricks, as you call it? I wonder if we shouldn't be more proud of this tradition going back to Homer than of the trip to the moon. Speaking only for myself—no, I'm sure I speak for others, too—the ending of *L'Avventura* is so powerful *because* Sandro has the conscience to regret what he has done. To feel such regret, one has got to believe in the supreme importance of human responsibility; and I can't conceive of art without that belief.

Antonioni: No, I would like to make quite clear that I speak only of sensations. I am neither a sociologist nor a politician. All I can do is imagine for myself what the future will be like. Today we find ourselves face to face with some curious facts. For example, today's youth movement was born under the sign of anarchy. It has made anarchy point to a new society which will be more flexible, based on a system that can, by degrees, concur with contemporary events, facts, necessities. On the other hand, these youths structure themselves in mystic groups, and I must confess this rather disturbs me. I don't even know what to think about it any more....I don't want what I am saying to sound like a prophecy or anything like an analysis of modern society....They are only feelings I have, and I am the least speculative man on earth.

(Continued on page 131)



Antonioni, right, on the "Zabriskie" set. Above, the stars of "Zabriskie Point", Daria Halprin and Mark Frechette in Death Valley during the filming.

BY CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS

ANTONIO

movies" *"No future function for art"*

"I use my head instinctively"



BRUCE DAVIDSON

An interview with the great Italian director of the new movie "Zabriskie Point"

ONI



italy

LONG ON BRAVURA

Luxurious, amusing, magnificent cloths in the most ravishing colours....Everything matches something—that's what doing as the Romans do means this spring. A costumed look...brown hat, brown stockings, brown shoes, and brown scarf with a white midi coatdress ...navy hat, navy stockings, navy shoes with a navy-and-white-printed midi coat....And air, air, air...lots of air in the air...coats flipping open at every step, pants swinging free, legs breezing through thigh-slashed skirts—there's nothing to hold you back.

From Bulgari, the Cellini of jewellers, opposite page, all the fire of the Renaissance in a splendid cabochon blaze. Rubies, emeralds, turquoises, amethysts, and topazes linked with diamonds in two feet of the world's most precious chain—a necklace from which a great cabochon emerald sways in an airy setting of jewels, simply strapped, here, over a marvellous headdress of vivid silks wrapped and wrapped about head and neck. The face is a symphony in pinks—kept immaculate by the browless Renaissance eye, the colour of two colours from Marcella Borghese's makeup palette: Soave Pink Eyeshadow Stick over Soave Bianco. And, because the Renaissance eye doesn't merely pay lip service to a pretty mouth, Allegro Pastello and Dolce Pastello Lipstick play it fast and soft, a different shade on each lip. Headdress and makeup: Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. Valentino, near left, shows his mastery of cloth in one of the most beautiful coats you could own: double-faced wool printed in navy-and-white Positano foulard designs, the scarf patterns laid side by side and row upon row with absolute perfection. Belted in navy, buttoned in navy, and everything else in navy to match—the large straw hat, the stockings, the shoes. In Nattier wool. To order, Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Valentino hat. Fama stockings, Dal Cò shoes: Valentino. They're all seen here on their Appian way, passing the Arch of Constantine.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

HENRY CLARKE

italy



HENRY CLARKE

VALENTINO AND DE BARENTZEN—LONG ON THE COSTUMED LOOK

Valentino, right, cuts the coatdress pure and simple—in white wool—then does it up brown and gives it plenty of air: brown wool inserts at waist and wrists, brown hat, brown scarf, brown stockings, brown shoes, even a short glimpse of brown wool skirt beneath as the coatdress flips open almost clear to the waist. In Nattier wool. At Martha. To order at I. Magnin. Valentino hat. Shoes by Dal Cò. Setting: the Arch of Constantine. De Barentzen, left, lets fly with a hawk-printed ciré raincoat winging black, brown, and white over a long white jumpsuit—with white at the waist and white on the foot. Coat of Bini Satam fabric. To order at Bergdorf Goodman Couture Boutique. At Marshall Field. Shoes by Laudadio for De Barentzen. The Temple of Venus stays right in the foreground of everything. Coiffures on these and the next six pages, by Sergio Valente.

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1. Mila Schön has done a perfectly beautiful short suit in navy double-faced wool—uncollared and just as lithe and blithe as you could want, with a double-breasted jacket buttoned in gold-and-enamel jewels and a thin white wool scarf folded at the neck. Agnona fabric. Martha; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Loris Abate buttons. Glasses: Piave for Mila Schön. Stockings: Velca for Mila Schön. Shoes: Mario Valentino for Mila Schön. Roman background: the baths of Caracalla. 2. Barocco for her: basketweave-print coat in beige-faced-with-blue wool, belted in basketweave straw—buttoned part way, then wide open to let the legs step out. And the whole costume is scarfed in a double print, one to match the coat, one to match the short blue-flowered white dress underneath. Sisan fabric. Earrings by Luciana. Dal Cò sandals.... Carlo Palazzi for him—Bengt Eklund, the young Swedish actor, wears a long beige suède coat belted over a turtleneck and brown velvet pants. Available late summer, at Bonwit Teller. 3. Samo's super boys-and-girls-together look. Same purple silk print. Same shirt, different lengths—hers is cut to below the knee and slit up both sides. Then, off they go arm-in-arm—Bengt and his girl, wearing identical giant straw fedoras, suède belts, and strapped sandals. Hats by Remo Argenti for Samo. Sandals by Mario Valentino. 4. Carosa's swinging-in-the-rain suit—a beige canvas midi skirt with the widest hem, flared for plenty of leg room. And a short, tightly belted jacket, big straw fedora, and long print scarf. Satam fabric. Barrilà shoes. The fashions, left, photographed at the Temple of Venus, Rome.

HENRY CLARKE

SHORT, LONG... EVERY WHICH WAY

HENRY CLARKE

italy

Mila Schön, left: luxurious and delectable—her white pants suit for the most romantic evenings. A Pierrot-collared organdie cape floated over an embroidered organdie shirt with soft flounces at the wrists and white silk pants. Shirt, Forster-Willi fabric; cape, Satam fabric. Martha; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Loris Abate earrings. Shoes: Mario Valentino for Mila Schön. Photographed in Rome, at the apartment of Conte and Contessa Rodolfo Crespi with, on the desk, far left, Arnaldo Pomodoro's bronze sphere and, on the library ledge, a *bassorilièvo* by Piero Dorazio.

Galitzine, right: splashes of white and deep beige on a long silk print dress that drifts to a pointed hem like enormous silk scarfs tied together...with its own long scarf wrapped around the throat and falling down the back...everything floating, whirling, swirling. Stucchi fabric. To order, I. Magnin. Borbonese jewellery. Background: Studio G S, in Rome.



FLOWY, BLOWY EVENINGS AT MILA SCHÖN AND GALITZINE

italy

THE GREAT FRINGED PONCHOS OF ANTONELLI AND OGNIBENE-ZENDMAN

Antonelli, above—the longest, silkiest, swishiest fringe in the world spilling and sliding from a marvellous poncho of salmon-coloured silk. Forneris' Carding Tex fabric. Head covering of lamé net, by Sergio Valente. Earrings by Borbonese. Shoes by Dal Cò. Ognibene-Zendman's white silk poncho, right, with swangles of orange fringe and dozens of yellow, beige, and orange dots—wonderful to wear all slithery and soft over bare skin with long bare legs. Taroni fabric. Borbonese bracelet. Dal Cò shoes. Background, both pages: rooms turned into a tent with bolts of Nattier silk—the apartment designed by Renzo Mongiardino, for Conte and Contessa Rodolfo Crespi, in Rome.

HENRY CLARKE



Indian beads...bias-fold neckcloths...red thongs, red gloves, red legs... crescent shoulderbags... golden hardware... silver everywhere... everything strapped

Succeessories

Striped straps, left, cocarded on a white Panama fedora, buckled on a little envelope bag ($49), hinged on an enamel bracelet ($45)....
Leather and silver strapped and slung high and low—one leather belt's buckled with a golden fox head ($32), one with a silvery-looped rock ($26), and the third is simply a marvellous flat-linked silver chain ($230). Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Bag, bracelet, and belts from Gucci. Olive-green shirt, in Antron nylon ($22); olive-green ribby sweater, in rayon knit ($20); beige rayon shorts ($22).
All by Patti Cappalli for Addenda, at Altman's.
Billions of beads, right, the brightest and tiniest—whole Indian tribes of them in string-along necklaces to toss on with abandon or wear charily one or two at a time. The ones you see roped together here are by Alev Colon, W.A. Indian Reservation, Richelieu, Accessocraft, and Joe Rubin. All: Henri Bendel. Coiffure: Ara Gallant.







Lauren Hutton's in the red—literally, above: red suède thongs tied in her hair, strapped around her neck (Ruza Creations thongs: about $6 a set. Best & Co.) . . . red crushed-patent shine on each hand (Grandoe gloves; about $4. Altman's; Joseph Horne; Neiman-Marcus) . . . . The red tie-dye print: a short Ban-Lon T-shirtdress by Morgan of London, of Monsanto Blue C nylon; about $15. Abraham & Straus. **Crescent shoulderbags,** left, strapped snug under the arm: black margined in golden links (Paco Rabanne; $33. Saks Fifth Avenue) . . . pouchy chrome-yellow leather (Lederer; about $40) . . . Gucci's navy leather strapped with webbing stripes ($72) . . . . Plus dollops and wallops of white: neck thong (Ruza Creations; $6 a set) . . . Richelieu's Indian-bead armband . . . handy leather fringe (Crescendoe-Superb gloves; $18. Bonwit Teller) . . . skinny rib-knit white top worn with a wool knit jumper of—what else?—right-bright red. (Both: Kimberly; $90. Bloomingdale's.) **Crinkly shine, gleamy shine,** right, put this long black cashmere cardigan—and Lauren Hutton—in a perfect vinyl bind (Hadley by Jerry Feder). . . . And the shine shines on—graduated mirror-bright circles dangling from a silvery crescent (Trifari; about $20. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Halle's, Cleveland; Hudson's; I. Magnin). Coiffures on both these pages, by Chany for Freelancers.



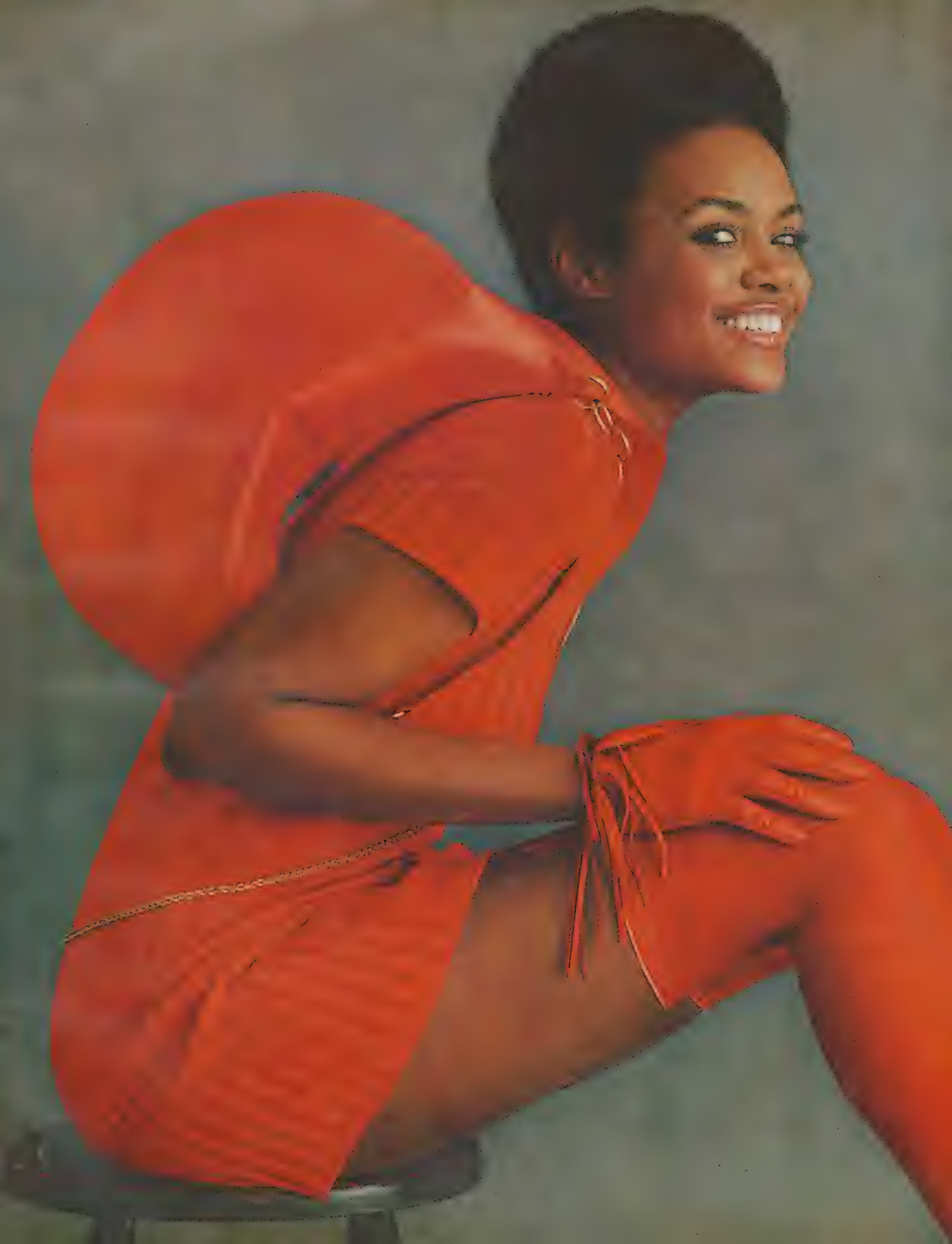
ELISABETTA CATALANO

Successories

Man-folded neckcloth, left, bandaging the throat—a 24-inch square of black twilled silk knotted in front. By Echo. About $1. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel. ***Silver streaking through the hair,*** left, like miniature propeller blades. Hair jewel by Elsa Peretti for Sant' Angelo. $150. Saks Fifth Avenue Park Avenue Room; Sakowitz. Chany for Freelancers coif. ***Red's hot,*** right: red crescent short-strap shoulder-bag by Koret. $19. Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Frost Bros.... Fringed red leather gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. $18. Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Lazarus....An X of golden Napier chain strapped across a ribby little red sweater dress. By Giorgio di Sant' Angelo for Dalton, in knitted Trevira. $40. Early April, at Bonwit Teller.....And red over-the-knee socks in wool knit, bright and high as boots. By Bewitching. Coiffure: Alan Lewis-Freelancers.

Successories

F. SASETTA CAMILLUS



Successories

Everything's strapped, this page, and glinting with hardware: Estancia's canteen shoulderbag ($45. Bonwit Teller)....Etienne Aigner's pouch-pocket valise ($250)....Crescendoe-Superb's long beige kid gloves (about $17. Lord & Taylor), strapped with metal-tubed leather thongs (by Bruce Rudow; $15 each. Henri Bendel)....Buckled black patent straps on brown suède boots (by Herbert Levine. Bonwit Teller)....A silver-buckled belt straps the waist (Joel Ronez; $20. Lord & Taylor Importique)...and Vera's bias-folded neckcloth of white twilled silk ($5) adds its strapping little look to a khaki poplin midi suit with a wrapped slit skirt (Raincheetahs by Naman, of Dacron and cotton with Zepel finish; $110. Altman's). ***Flash backs,*** opposite: pouchy black velvet shoulderbag on diamanté straps (Bagatelle; $40. Henri Bendel)....Silver sword in a wrap-up of shining hair (Elsa Peretti jewel for Sant' Angelo: $70. Saks Fifth Avenue Park Avenue Room; Sakowitz)....Richelieu's diamanté black silk muffler dangling sparkly tassels down the back of a covered black dress (Goldworm; Trevira jersey. $50. Saks Fifth Avenue). Coiffures: Chany for Freelancers.

ELISABETTA CATALANO

Opposite: Instant cabaña/vacation house, Tension Structure's O'Dome. Plastic-coated, laminated fibre stress panels and an 8′ sliding glass door lock together forming a weatherproof ellipsoid house, 26′ in diam., 9′ high under the 5′ Plexiglas skylight. White inside, blue, green, yellow, white, or striped exterior. Installation—you provide the flooring—takes half a day. $2,500. See and order O'Domes at Abercrombie & Fitch, N. Y.

1. A dog to watch: the Norwich Terrier. Puppies, $200 up, Chidley Kennels, Oyster Bay, N. Y. Superdog's basket: lined in printed cotton of your choosing. $35. Boutique de la Cuisine, 200 E. 60th St., N. Y.

2. Geometric flowers . . . very Art Deco. Chelsea paper, $16.50 a roll. At Quadrille, 220 E. 60th St., N. Y.

3. Mini chairside table, to order in any lacquer colour, $180. At Paul Jones, 979 Third Ave., N. Y. 10021.

4. Gloria Vanderbilt made this delicious collage of memorabilia for her husband, Wyatt Cooper. She is now doing some made with country cotton prints. $500 up. Write to: Falot, 410 E. 20th St., N. Y. 10009.

5. Six 12″ squares of Regency Bamboo vinyl tile can zap up a cube table. $2.50 a tile. Robbins, 979 Third Ave., N. Y. New intense-blue notepaper, $11 for 100 sheets, 100 envelopes. Tiffany, Fifth Ave., N. Y.

6. Lacquer bentwood dressing table, $165, stool, $60, from Drexel's Plus One group. Bloomingdale's.

7. Schule-McCarville's new bronze or chrome paperweight collectibles. $20 to $75. Luten, Clarey, Stern, 1059 Third Ave., N. Y.

8. Cotton news in print, $10.50 yd.; quilted patchworks, $50 yd., At Vice Versa, 979 Third Ave., N. Y.

9. Colombian cane trunks tote, act as tables. 4 for $68. Primitive Artisans, Northwest Drive, Plainville, Conn. Less-Care indoor-outdoor carpet, $8 sq. yd. Cabin Crafts.

10. A first: Stenciled wood flooring collection in 9″ blocks ready to install. To order, Patterson, Flynn & Johnson, 50 E. 57th St., N. Y. 10022.

11. Swiss fibreglass "floating" chaise with leather pad. $880. At Turner-T, 305 E. 63rd St., N. Y.

12. Small mountain baskets massed with flowers, $12.50 up. Richard Giglio's drawings of flower arrangements, $25 to $80. At The Greenery, 243 E. 53rd St., N. Y.

CLAUDE PICASSO

COOL LIVING

Ten pages of ideas for houses— now through summer...

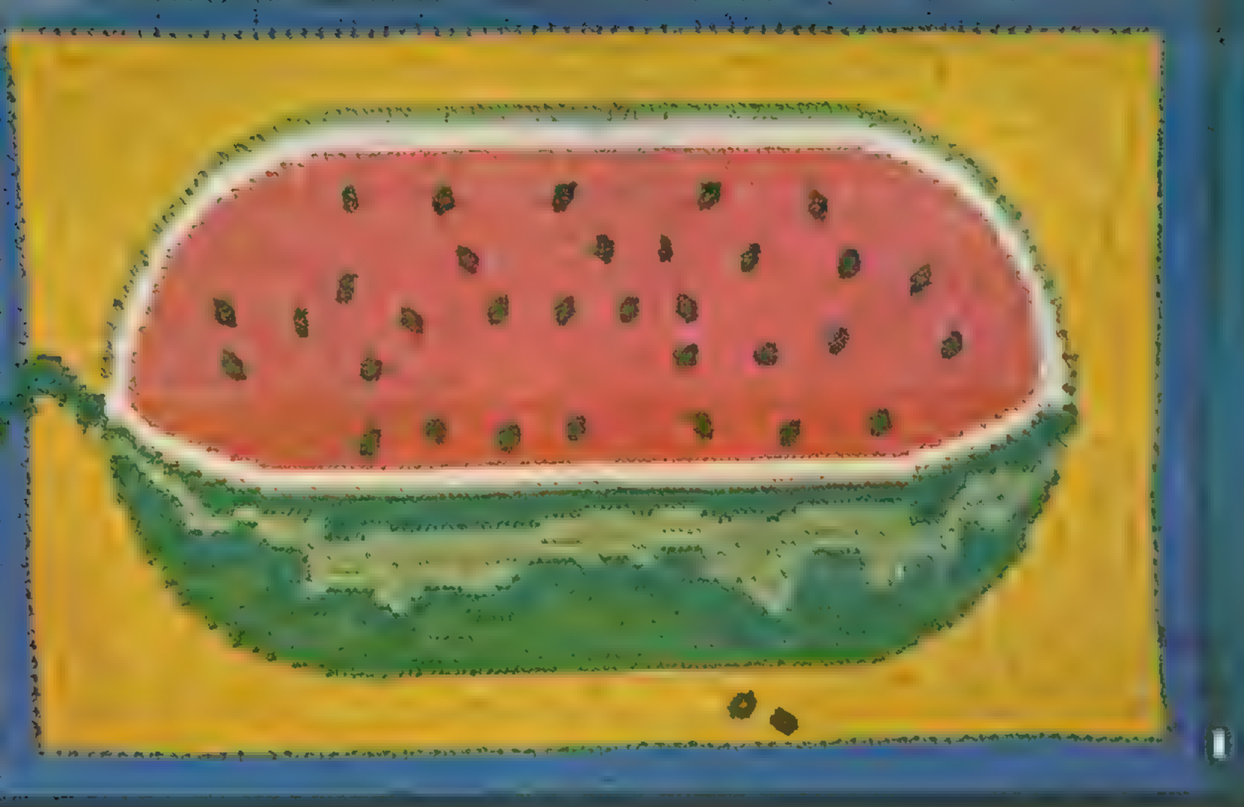


OUT OF THIS WORLD

New environments for private lives

One man's castle, brilliantly updating the tower of an ancient Düsseldorf schloss, is a modern apartment designed by young Italian architect-designer Danilo Silverstrin for Claus Gorges and his family who find their own sharp focus in this serene environment sparsely furnished with transparent or light-reflecting materials. A bathroom, left, moulded of one piece of shiny yellow plastic, wraps into the dark beams under a high mansard roof. A white room, above, surprises with a bed sunk to the level of the floor.

LOTHAR WOLLEH











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Ideas...ready now...for cool living



14

15

FASHIONS IN LIVING

1. Watermelon, a needlepoint rug rich with the texture of a mélange of stitches, was designed for Vogue. 20″ x 30″. $85 for canvas, yarns, instructions. By Carol Designs, only at Mazaltov, 785 Madison Ave., N. Y.

2. Wheeled architectural furniture is a major trend—it partitions open areas. For example: Italian architect Gina Boeri's navy-blue lacquer unit, 55″ high, with shelves and hanging area. $799. To order from the Boeri collection, at the Decorating Studio of Gimbels, N. Y.

3. Flat-as-needlepoint carpeting full of chinoiserie charm. Pagoda, $30 a linear yd. To order in any colours. Saxony, 979 Third Ave., N. Y.

4. Colour it bright: A Regency-style faux bamboo chair—it's hello yellow now. $316, by Henredon. At W & J Sloane, Washington, D. C.

5. Steel and fur and fun: a fluffy Icelandic lamb rug is slung inside a 10′ diameter steel frame to make the Circular Communal Hammock. Toro fur cushions the rim for seating. $6,250. To order from Jacques Kaplan's Fur-nature collection at Georges Kaplan Furs, 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

6. Gingham is the most delicious fabric now for walls, curtains, beds. Here, French sheets and pillowcase. $130, two single sheets, one case. These and matching gingham by the yard, Porthault, 55 E. 57th St., N. Y.

7. Spiralling Italian cane chairs, incredibly flattering and comfortable, and a glass-topped table to be in or outdoors. Four chairs and the table, $1,200. F.O.B. House & Garden Shop, Lyford Cay, Nassau, Bahamas.

8. Vinyl-coated cotton prints brighten the indoor-outdoor scene. $8.40 a yard. The Rocket Collection, Clarence House, 40 E. 57th St., N. Y.

9. Miss Prudence S. Carter hand paints any design on wallpaper to order. Here, an 18th-c. Chinese design. 20 Westwood Rd., Shrewsbury, Mass.

10. A great smoke Plexiglas dining table, smoke glass top, by Milo Baughman of Thayer Coggin. New Dimension, $799. At Macy's, N. Y. The Z chairs, steel and vinyl, the table, at Maison Blanche, New Orleans. Blazing mirror wall by Vernon Panton. At Beylerian, 253 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

11. Fair Isle designs are the rage in London. Here, pillows designed by Kaffee Fassett. Fair Isle designs on canvas for needlework, to order at Jebba Needlepoint, 9538 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. Note: The famous weaver, Dorothy Liebes, whose designs changed the world of fabrics, rugs, and blinds, is the subject of a 30-year retrospective exhibition now at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, N. Y. Her marvellous colours and textures are there in intoxicating profusion.

12. Italy brings a great new look to the bed, white with coloured bands or vice versa. $31.50 single, $21.50 case. Léron, 745 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

13. Small, squashy wheeled tub chair, Tuonella, made in Italy by Pirelli. $400 in vinyl. To order, Luten Clarey & Stern, 1059 Third Ave., N. Y.

14. Smashing wallpapers making news in London—the Bibi Boutique for example—are printed on heavy coloured papers. $13.50 to $22.50 a roll. Available in the U. S. at Clarence House, 40 E. 57th St., N. Y.

15. Copies of 18th-c. Spanish tiles—see them in the kitchen at the Ceramic Museum in Valencia—approx. 8″ x 8″, $\frac{1}{2}$″ thick, $10 to $25. Fruits, flowers, kitchen utensils are part of the trompe-l'oeil idea for kitchen walls. To order, House of Floors, 223 E. 59th St., N. Y.

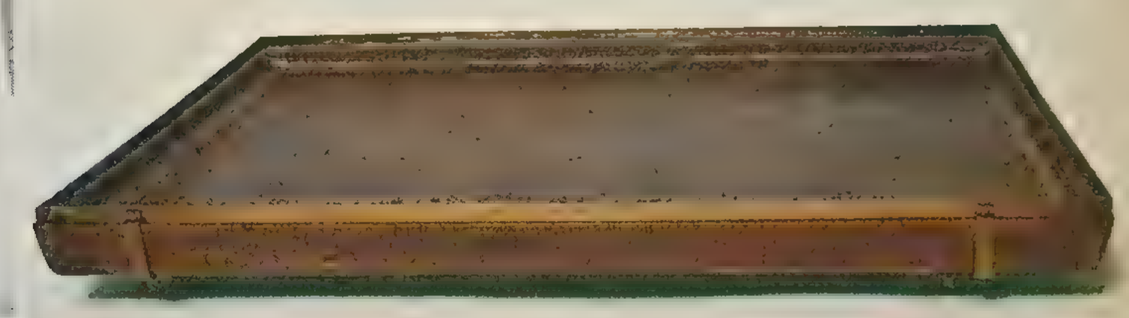
VOGUE'S CHOICE

CLAUDE PICASSO

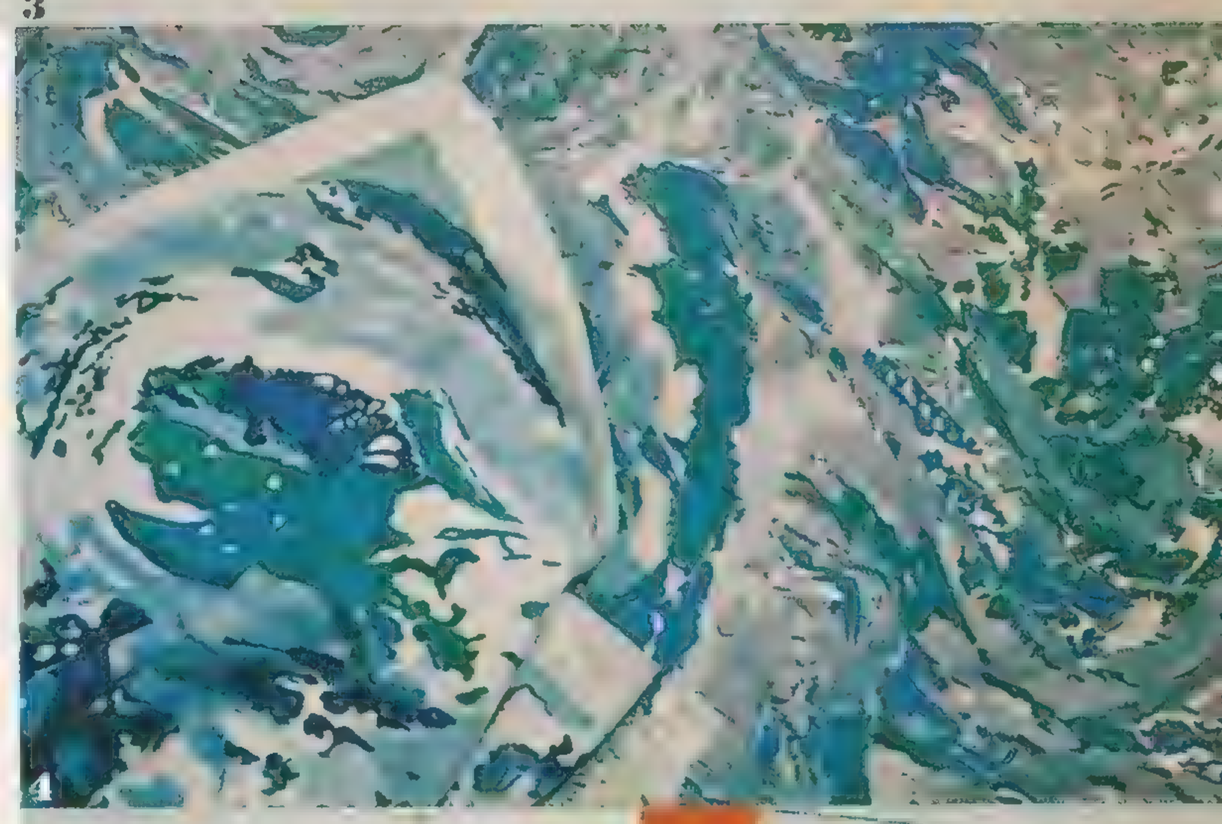


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1. The cool of white-on-white is a country-fresh luxury in Mrs. Francis Farr's Southampton bedroom and bath. Heavy white linen curtains, printed in white Bessarabian flowers, hang from the ceiling to the floor, turning a king-sized bed into a towering fantasy. English decorator David Hicks, aided by Mark Hampton, now of McMillen, created this white scheme, lined the faux four-poster bed with white chintz. Printed Porthault pillows match the sheet turned back over the white blanket cover. White glazed terra-cotta tiles, white walls, white curtains to match those of the bed, and a chaise longue in white vinyl are the background for masses of flowers from the garden which is Mrs. Farr's passion. **2.** Her white tub, set in a window bay cantilevered over the garden, is surrounded by flowers. The bathroom walls are white vinyl with a small white geometric pattern and, again, there is a white tile floor; pure white marble counters, dressing table. This room, cool in summer, bright in winter, has no colour other than the ever-changing flowers and the surprise of a closet interior lacquered a brilliant yellow. **3.** Cinnabar-red wheeled tray of steel-banded straw to hold books, towels, telephone, flowers . . . a copy of one made by Jansen for Baronne Philippe de Rothschild's Paris house. To order, any size, any colour. Karl Springer, 306 E. 61st St., N. Y. **4.** Atlantis, a newer-than-flower print towel and washcloth by Martex. In blues, reds, greens. Towel, $3.50; washcloth, $.80. B. Altman, N. Y. . . . **5.** Pierre Cardin designed the heavy Venetian glass accessories. All, imports from Venini, 16 E. 39th St., N. Y.

TOTAL
For the bedroom, the bath
LUXURY

6 and **7.** The Bathing Garden: Orchids bloom in a luxurious bathing-dressing room for two. Mac II, New York decorators, offset pristine whiteness of the American Standard Ultra/Bath fixtures with brilliant blue Plexiglas and mirror walls, counters, cabinets. Oval tub, up shiny blue steps, becomes a glass-enclosed pool with two shower heads, a hide-away hand spray, a control panel for water depth, temperature, and automatic whirlpool. Flanking the tub are oval lavatories, private water closets. Patchwork terry cloth towels made for Mac II by Louis Perez, orchids from Antonio Flowers, 64 E. 55th St., N. Y.





DAVID MASSEY

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There's a fresh wind blowing from the art world which has shaken interior design free of its tradition-bound roots. Many artists paint canvases reshaping whole walls, some are involved with light, sound, new three-dimensional shapes. Art is often functional . . . a clock, a lamp, even furniture. Here, following them, are ideas to add 1970 excitement to any room and all will be in the U.S. within the year.

1. These are Bouloums, the invention of young Olivier Mourgue, one of the design team responsible for the interior of the French Pavilion at Expo '70 in Osaka. 800 Bouloums, of moulded plastic covered with fabric or fur, will stand or recline at the Pavilion. Black Bouloums are seats in the Conference Room, rose ones rest tired visitors. A red, white, and blue one is the Pavilion symbol; walking ones indicate directions, while bent ones become tables at the Café Parisien. Irresistible Bouloums will be available in the U.S. soon.

2. Spanish sculptor Carlos Sansegundo's Plexiglas dining table is a sandwich of colour on top, with clear base. 28″ high, 36″ in diam., $900. To order, Carlos Sansegundo, 242 W. 14th St., N. Y.

3. A great bare bulb look: Orbic is a 12″ chrome shaft. $150. Six Sano bulbs, $12. Luten, Clarey & Stern, 1059 Third Ave., N. Y.

4. Danilo Silverstrin, a 27-year-old Italian architect-designer now working in Düsseldorf, uses clear Plexiglas to make small space seem larger, people the excitement. Here, his superb desk and chairs.

5. Leather slings wrap between the thick clear Plexiglas sides of the Kathedra park-bench chair and side-kick ottoman making them madly comfortable. Chair, $700. Ottoman, $300. To order, Patterson, Flynn & Johnson, 50 E. 57th St., N. Y.

6. *The Pooh Cookbook*, by Virginia Ellison for Dutton, is sheer joy, inspires all ages to cook. $4.50. Its pages will stay put and pristine in a clear Plexiglas stand. $14, Tablerie, 1033 Third Ave., N. Y.

7. Washable suède fabric, Frontera, upholsters this luxurious sofa-bed floating in clear Plexiglas. $1,200 at Simmons, 2 Park Ave., N. Y.



7

Clearly new furniture ideas

U.S.A. EUROPE

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS







Penelope

puts herself together with whooping dash, drama—**1.** Miss Tree's daytime look—jersey jumpsuit, brown velvet apron-top skirt with nailheads. By Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. Over it, Saint Laurent's cape. . . . **2.** Her "Candy darling" costume—fringed black suède from Abracadabra, 243 E. 60th St. . . . **3.** One-shoulder, many-Spanish-shawls dress. By Giorgio di Sant' Angelo.

BERRY BERENSON

Bobby Bloom,

4, writes rock, arranges it, produces it—and sings it—sexy, gutsy, and good. The Stigwood office has taken him over so you know it's going to happen. This is what Bobby wears to perform—black velours suit from Saint-Germain, 231 E. 53rd St.—shirt and scarf made from Persian silk scarfs—fuchsia, purple, black, emerald. From Abracadabra, 213 E. 60th St. . . . Paul McGregor clips the shape of his black curly mane. . . .

SANTE FORLANO









5. ***Rappaport*** is an experimentalist in fabric. Here, one of her fabric sculptures. At Exhibit 3, 434 Clement Street, San Francisco. . . . **6.** ***Twiggy*** made her own costume for a fête—a black/yellow bumblebee—her eyes ringed in black/yellow paint. . . . **7.** ***Peter*** Fonda slings around his middle an Indian sash, a belt made from a motorcycle chain. . . . **8.** ***Naneen and Seymour*** in Dr. Denton bunny suits—grown-up versions of the real thing—pink for Miss Shaw, blue for Mr. Avigdor. From Bloomingdale's. . . . **9.** ***Laurita*** Cosmos reads cards at Aux Puces—wears this extraordinary necklace, great hair. . . . **10.** ***Tracy,*** our photographer, dressed for work—his beat-up suède jacket, Coogan cap, great suède spats laced with suède ribbons. . . . **11.** ***Caterine*** Milinaire, a favourite photographer, too, wears a long maroon knit coat from Biba's, London, her violet cap pulled just so. . . .

JUSTIN DE VILLENEUVE CHARLES TRACY

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Madrid: Ah! Terrífico! The boutique is alive!

Terrific looks—terrific spirit in the Madrid boutiques. . . . **1. *José Pérez-Plá, Isabel Martinez-Bordiú, Manolo Muñoz, and Miguel Figueroa.*** José in black panne velvet from Rocafort, Goya 35. Isabel's own design maxi and pants. Manolo in grey-green panne velvet, Indian scarf. All, from Rocafort. Miguel in striped coat from Drugstore Good Luck, Don Ramón de la Cruz 5. . . . **2. *Pitica de la Rocha*** in tapestry cut-away maxi from Rocafort, Goya 35. . . . **3. *Ulla Amilivia*** in long grey wool. Boutique VIP, Claudio Coello 81. . . . **4. *Pitica*** in black/white knit from Elio Berhanyer's boutique collection, sold at SID, Sagasta 1. . . . **5. *Ulla, Isabel, and Pitica*** in Spanish shawls from Augusto Gonzales, Av. José Antonio 33. . . . **6.** A pinwheel of pretty girls . . . ***Bárbara Manzano*** in wool pants suit from Balmes, Velázquez 102 . . . ***Paloma Vardin*** in suède midi and boots. Mitzou, Serrano, 27 . . . ***Pitica*** in white mini from Balmes, Velázquez 102 . . . ***Isabel*** in black crochet from Choc, Juan Bravo, 25. . . . **7. *Pitica*** being pensive in long knit coat and dress. Rocafort, Goya 35. . . . **8. *Isabel*** in long beige raincoat from Rocafort, Goya 35. . . . **9. *Bárbara*** in white gabardine jumpsuit. Pertegaz Boutique, Matias Montero 18. . . . **10. *Ulla*** in black gabardine for the rain from Rocafort, Goya 35, with ***Alvaro Figueroa*** in swoop of black wool cape from Seseña, Cruz 23. . . .





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More on next page

Snaps of Saint Laurent Rive Gauche

Some quick flashes—recorded as Yves Saint Laurent's spring and summer Rive Gauche collection was being introduced in Paris—they give the flavour, the line, a snitch of the accessories . . . more photographs, more details, coming in April 1 Boutique. . . . **1.** Yves's pin-striped jersey pants suit. . . . **2.** The gitana gypsy-shirt and flounced skirt of orange/ochre Paisley-and-calico patterned cotton. . . . **3.** The long line in geometric print crêpe de Chine. . . . **4.** The throat banded with bias silk scarf. . . . **5.** Black cotton serge long-line suit. . . . **6.** White piqué with red/white eyelet hemlines. . . . **7.** The white denim shirtdress—sure to be a Ford. . . . **8.** Another view of the prim black serge suit. . . . **9.** Another gypsy in flowered silk. . . . **10.** Gypsies everywhere, two Paisley patterns mixed in a silk shirt—flounced skirt. . . .

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MAURICE HOGENBOOM

(Continued from page 96)

"The insides of a computer are marvellous. If we pull a man apart, he is revolting"

Antonioni: Yes, *Blow-Up* is favourable to the youth of that particular moment and place. I don't know how I would feel if I were to start studying certain groups in Italy, for example, about which I must admit only the vaguest knowledge.

Samuels: But I find the film critical, and so do others. For example, recall the peace-march scene, where the young people walk by with placards reading "Go," "On, on," "Forward." That's parody; yet you say you intended it to be favourable.

Antonioni: When a scene is being shot, it is very difficult to know what one wants it to say; and even if one does know, there is always a difference between what one has in mind and the result on film. I never think of the shot I'm going to make the following day; because if I did, I'd only produce a bad imitation of the original image in my mind. So what you see on the screen doesn't represent my exact meaning, but only my possibilities of expression, with all the limitations implied in that phrase. Perhaps the scene reveals my incapacity to do better, perhaps I felt subconsciously ironic toward it. But it is on film; the rest is up to you.

Samuels: Last week I saw for the first time your documentary on the superstitions of Calabrese peasants, and I was struck by the similarities between these peasants and the hippies in whom you have such faith.

Antonioni: What similarities?

Samuels: The hippies are also superstitious. The peasants have their magus, the hippies their guru. Hippies wear talismans, just like the Calabrese. Are they really the future? Aren't they bearing baggage even older than the moral tradition you find so burdensome?

Antonioni: I believe these similarities derive from the hippies' desire not to reform present society but to destroy it, and in destroying it return almost to antiquity, to a purer, more primordial life, less—less mechanical . . . not based on the same principles as present life. But I don't believe, if they ever reach a position of power, that these young people would reconstruct society along antique lines, for that would be absurd. They need to rethink society, and nobody knows the answers yet.

Samuels: Therefore, both in *Blow-Up* and *Zabriskie Point* you aren't so much admiring their present behaviour as hoping that they will produce something better?

Antonioni: More or less. They believe in the possibility of life; that is what they show in their primitive communities. But I think that technology will one day shape all our actions. I don't think this can be helped, and there will be no chance to resist.

Samuels: I'm still puzzled. You say that the future must be technologically controlled, and moreover that you desire that. But so far as I can see your films suggest a revulsion against technology. In *Red Desert* there's a scene where Corrado talks to Giuliana's husband in front of a factory. The noise makes it impossible to hear, and the smoke makes it impossible for them to see one another. Soon the smoke envelops them so that we don't see them either. On the other hand, you painted the factory pipes so that they became rather attractive. On one hand, you show that technological modern life is bad; on the other, you're saying it's good.

Antonioni: But I'm not saying that technology is bad, something we can do without. I'm saying that people can't adapt to it. These are merely terms of a conflict: technology and "old-fashioned" characters. I'm not passing judgment, not at all. Ravenna, near the sea, has a stretch of factories, refineries, smoke stacks, et cetera, on one side and a pine forest on the other; the pine forest is much the more boring feature. . . . So you see, I'm an admirer of technology: From an outsider's view the insides of a computer are marvellous. If we pull a man apart, he is revolting; do the same thing to a computer and it remains beautiful.

Samuels: You mean, then, that it is man's fault and not the fault of the environment that he can't adjust, is miserable, et cetera?

Antonioni: Yes. Eventually this environment will facilitate more realistic relationships between people. For example, that scene, that great puff of—not smoke—steam that blasts out violently between the two characters. As I see it, that steam makes the relationship more real, because the two men have nothing to say to each other. Anything that might crop up would be hypocritical.

Samuels: O.K. But isn't it also possible to say that they can't speak to each other because their environment deprives them of an inner life to communicate?

Antonioni: No. I don't agree. In that case. . . . Wait, let me think it over a moment. I think people talk too much, that's the truth of the matter. I do. I don't believe in words. People use too many words and usually wrongly. I am sure that in the distant future people will talk much less and in a more essential way. If people talk a lot less, they will be happier. Don't ask me why. In my films, it is the men who don't function properly—not the machines.

Samuels: That isn't what we're discussing; we're discussing the cause. Is this something unavoidable in man's soul or something located in a specific moment of history?

Antonioni: You are trying to make me into some sort of philosopher of modern life—which is something I absolutely can not be. When we say a character in my films doesn't function, we mean he doesn't function as a man, but he does function as a character—that is, until you take him as a symbol. But at that point, it is you who are not functioning. Why not simply accept him as a character without judging him? Accept him for what he is. Accept him as a character in a story, without claiming that he derives or acquires meaning from that story. There may be meanings, but they are different for all of us.

Samuels: There is a difference between an anecdote and a story. It is interesting to hear the director whose films are most like stories and least like anecdotes asking me to take his characters as if they were anecdotal, people who are shown doing things without obvious significance.

Antonioni: I'm not saying that they have no significance. I am saying that this mustn't be extracted from the film according to a pre-established scale of values. Don't regard my characters as symbols of a determined society. See them as something that sparks a reaction within you so that they become a personal experience. The critic is a spectator and an artist insofar as he transforms the work into a personal thing of his own.

Samuels: What if I transform the film into something wrong?

Antonioni: There is nothing in the film beyond what you feel.

Samuels: Ah, that's Berkeley: If a tree falls and no one sees it, it didn't fall. You believe that?

Antonioni: No.

Samuels: Then, the film is an objective fact, and as such can be misapprehended. Now, unless you're willing to grant a meaning that the film forces or should force you to understand, you've got to admit every silly thing anyone has to say.

Antonioni: What can I say? I saw a film made by a friend of mine that was panned by all the critics. I am the only one who liked it, the only person in Italy.

Samuels: But you're talking about evaluation. I'm talking about meaning. For example, is Sandro a weak or a strong character? Sandro is a fact, and the fact equals weakness. Right?

Antonioni: No, not right. In a way, he is a strong character.

Samuels: In what way?

Antonioni: He is capable of giving up something he had never believed he would have the power to give up. You need strength for that sort of renunciation.

Samuels: Why does he cry at the film's end?

Antonioni: For several reasons. A man who kills people during a war—which is an act of strength and courage—can also have a crisis and break

(Continued on page 134)

GREAT MOGUL BEETHOVEN—GENIUS GOT IN THE WAY

BY ANTHONY BURGESS

Dadada DAAAAA—or, if you prefer, dotdotdot DASH. The opening theme of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony may have been derived from the yellowhammer's call, or it may have been intended (as Beethoven, perhaps insincerely, said it was) to depict Fate hammering on the door, but it is fixed now forever in history as the V-for-Victory sign that was one of the more effective propaganda devices of the Allies in World War II. Somehow we can not see ourselves borrowing from other composers of the past—Haydn or Mozart, Bach or Handel—devices that so dramatically, and so extra-musically, serve the present. The big exterior world of war and politics is in Beethoven, as it is not in his predecessors. The composer is one of our great stock personifications of defiance.

Beethoven was born two hundred years ago, when our other great stock personification of defiance was an old man—I mean, of course, Dr. Samuel Johnson. In that eighteenth century, when everything seemed to be ordered and settled, when reason dictated and elegance prevailed, the disruptive forces that foreshadowed revolution were already, often unconsciously, at work. Both Dr. Samuel Johnson and Herr Ludwig van Beethoven had been brought up in a tradition which made artists and scholars humble beggars of bread from lordly patrons. The Earl of So-and-So and Graf von Such-and-Such commissioned a symphony or graciously accepted the dedication of a poem, and the artist bowed and smirked. Haydn spent his life as a kind of upper servant on the Esterhazy estate; Mozart had known the humiliation of being kicked down the stairs of an archiepiscopal palace. Neither Johnson nor Beethoven was cut out for the life of deference or humiliation. When Dr. Johnson wrote his magnificent letter of contempt and defiance to the great Lord Chesterfield, he was speaking for the future, for the writer or scholar or artist working in a free market as a free man, kowtowing to no one. Beethoven's whole life may be seen as an exercise in the assertion of independence.

It was not, of course, quite like that in his apprentice years. Beethoven's grandfather Louis, a Belgian from Antwerp, settled in Bonn and became one of the Archbishop-Elector's resident musicians. His son, Ludwig's father, became a tenor singer in the court choir. Ludwig himself, who was whipped by his father into a mastery of the violin and the clavier, was evidently destined to live the enclosed, truckling life of a minor musician, taking his meals with stableboys or, better, valets. But genius got in the way. At thirteen, Ludwig published his first composition; at fourteen, he was appointed assistant organist to the court. Soon he had to be sent on a trip to Vienna, where his skill at keyboard improvisation amazed Mozart into giving him a few lessons. He was already too big to fit neatly into the slot of court musician.

"The conquest of a world, the conquest of an art—they are much the same thing"

Moreover, Beethoven's father was so drunken a sot, so weakly tyrannical and sickeningly irresponsible, that Ludwig could not easily be persuaded that deference to elders and so-called betters was part of the rational order. Fortunately for Ludwig, his archbishop, brother of the Emperor Joseph II, was no fool and no tyrant. He sent the young genius, at the age of twenty-two, to study seriously in Vienna. His master was to be Joseph Haydn.

Haydn knew musicianship when he saw, or heard, it. He had recognized the superiority of Mozart's talent to his own; he was a man without side or grandiosity. He was qualified to descry the potential greatness of his pupil, but he demanded—having been brought up in the courtly tradition of the times—certain minimal standards of gentility, politeness, perhaps even articulateness. But Beethoven was gross, mannerless, and clumsy. Like Dr. Johnson, he had no passion for clean linen. Everything in his character was subordinated to a passion for musical creation, and the kind of music he wished to create already overflowed the neat embankments of the taste of the time. Thus, Haydn persuaded him not to publish his Trio in C Minor, No. 3 of his Opus 1. It was an unmannerly work, it used unorthodox progressions, it did not quite play the game.

Dr. Johnson was known as Ursa Major—the Great Bear. Haydn called Beethoven the Great Mogul. It was apt enough. Before long, Beethoven had conquered the musical world of Vienna through a rudeness and coarseness that only genius could excuse. Playing a piano duet in a noble drawing room, he became enraged by a young aristocrat's persistent talking to a lady. He wrenched his co-player's hands off the keys and cried: "I play no longer for such swine." Haydn or Mozart would have shrugged and gone on playing. And yet the Viennese aristocracy was good-humouredly tolerant. Princesses and countesses went to Beethoven for piano lessons and would forgive his unpunctuality, his mad music-tearing rages at their incompetence, his wild hair and disgusting toilet. He belonged to an age that, if the aristocracy could but see it, was dedicated to the overthrow of aristocracy. There was undoubtedly a masochistic sexual urge that drove these high-born ladies to be reviled and spat upon. There was also a recognition that this single-minded mad devotion to an art was probably what life was all about. The airs and graces of the dilettante life were growing stale. Napoleon would soon be there.

"Who knows?—Genius itself may be a morbidity"

One can, without exaggeration, equate the Beethovenian spirit with the Napoleonic. The conquest of a world, the conquest of an art—they are much the same thing. And yet Beethoven admired Napoleon only when his ambitions arrived at First Consul. He wrote his Eroica Symphony as an act of homage, bringing music for the first time into the realm of great public enactments. But when he heard that Napoleon was going to create himself Emperor, he tore up the dedication page in disgust. Beethoven was never, as so many later artists were, bemused by political greatness. The big political myths—Prometheus, Coriolanus, Count Egmont—were there to serve art. One purpose of art was to encapsulate large ideas—love, peace, sacrifice, joy.

The mind of Beethoven inhabited a spiritual world. His body subsisted in squalor, disease, and neglect. The privations of his boyhood were compounded by a later carelessness about diet and by incompetent

medical treatment. His liver shrank to half its normal size; he grew deaf. There may also have been the inheritance of a syphilitic condition from his dissolute father; but—who knows?—genius itself may be a morbidity. The incredible squalor of Beethoven's later days strikes us with a kind of nobility, as though the wreck of the body is somehow a testimony to the self-sufficiency of the creative spirit.

Beethoven's deafness might, in a romantic view, be regarded as Nature's sealing off of that soaring creativity from the distractions of the outer world. Non-musicians find it hard to believe that composers can go on composing when they can no longer hear. But the inner ear of the imagination needs, in an experienced composer, little confirmation from the world of true sound. Beethoven heard not one note of the first performance of his Ninth Symphony. He sat below the conductor, beating time, and was still beating time when the work had ended and the applause resounded. But the music, for all its experimentality, never suffers from the composer's inability to test his effects in practice. One endearing aspect of the work is the practicality of its scoring. The fourth horn part essays effects unavailable to the bugle-type horns of Haydn and Mozart. Just outside Vienna, Beethoven discovered there was a musician with one of the new valve horns, which could encompass far more notes—even chromatic progressions—than had been known before. For him he wrote, and he wrote perfectly; but the satisfaction belonged only to that inner ear of the imagination.

Gross, mannerless, dirty, boorish as he was, Beethoven achieved delicacies of sound that still seem miraculous—the heavenly consonances of the late quartets, for instance. He did not make those delicacies out of the accepted prettiness of polite Viennese music as he found it. What impresses us now as exquisite seemed, on its first appearance, to be mad or clumsy. The brilliant beginning of the First Symphony, which starts in the wrong key, upset its first hearers badly. The Seventh Symphony proved to Carl Maria von Weber that Beethoven was "now ripe for the madhouse." Even where Beethoven tries to be old-fashioned and conventional—writing, for instance, a piano sonata in the style of Haydn—he only succeeds in being himself: bold, original, tough, yet curiously delicate.

"Beethoven was unscrupulous, as every free artist must be"

It seems strange that so unorthodox a composer was able to impose his works on a free market. Not all musical Viennese society was foolish; there were enough men and women of discernment about to consider it an honour to be able to buy a dedication. Moreover, there were enough amateurs able to recognize the purely practical skills of Beethoven—his own ability to make the piano sing and thunder in a new way, his capacity to engender excitement in the act of performance. But the struggle to make a living without benefit of patron was hard enough. Beethoven was unscrupulous, as every free artist must be. He would willingly sell the same piece to two or three different publishers. "For God's sake," said the head of Boosey's to a representative who was off to Vienna, "don't buy anything from Beethoven." In subscription concerts—new at the time, concerts in the old days were held only in the aristocratic courts—he imposed his orchestral works in mammoth doses. The strong man must always prevail. Beethoven forced on Viennese society the taste whereby he could be appreciated and understood.

Any woman, reading of Beethoven's life, must wonder whether he would have profited from settled domesticity, a little love in the home. He had his desultory affairs, but no woman—except the odd, quickly dismissed housekeeper—ever reigned in his bed or his parlour. And yet, as his tenderness towards the nephew he adopted as a son seems to show, he had all the paternal gifts and would have made a responsible husband. What family he had, his brothers Johann and Kaspar especially, let him down badly; and Johann may be accounted responsible for Ludwig's premature end. He took ill in Johann's house, but Johann would let him have neither the warmth nor the nutriment he needed. Instead, he sent him back to Vienna in an open chaise in very severe weather. Beethoven took a bad chill which brought on dropsy. He died in the bitter spring of 1827, only fifty-seven years old.

Yet Beethoven's work was done. We can not regret the truncation of a promising career, as we can with Keats, or Marlowe, or even Mozart. Beethoven had excelled in every branch of his art, not excepting opera. The piano sonata, the concerto, the quartet, the symphony, even the Mass changed, in his hands, from conventional forms into the moulds of profoundly personal, and yet somehow universal, expression. He broke and he remade. When we say that he was a great romantic, we mean that music with him ceased to be a mere artifact, a thing beautifully made, and became instead a kind of statement about the nature of life. Mozart was moving towards this deep humanity of sound in his last symphonies. Beethoven, deaf, ill, struggling, attained what Shakespeare, in his different way, also attained: the creation of things which are an emanation of the human spirit but, by some miracle, explain what the human spirit is.

Beethoven remains, even in his portraits, the ultimate type of the free artist. The hair is wild, the chin is firmly set, the eyes burn. He defies lightning yet he can hold a flower with tenderness. His freedom transcends the bondage of an ailing body and wretched circumstances. How small most of us, worrying about the rent and about what the critics will say, must seem in his comparison. Yet those of us who practise any form of art are ennobled by being of Beethoven's company.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 88-89; other views, yardages, details)


2281

Above: Wrapped midi dress and fringed shawl. Vogue Pattern 2281 by Chuck Howard. Sizes 8 to 16. (We added the shawl.) For size 10 dress and shawl: 10 yards of 42″ fabric. $2.50. In Canada, $2.75.


2266

Above: Wrapped midi skirt, bolero, and shirt. Vogue Pattern 2266 by Saint Laurent. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10 jacket and skirt: 5 yards of 62″ fabric. For size 10 shirt: 3 yards of 58/60″ fabric. $5. In Canada, $5.50.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

(Continued from page 131)

"If lovers can give up an affair that is just beginning—it is because they have a certain confidence in life"

down and cry. But it doesn't last long. Ten minutes later he will probably have stopped crying. But perhaps the crying will have released him from his crisis. Who knows?

Samuels: At the end of *Eclipse* do you mean us to be certain that Piero and Vittoria will not meet again?

Antonioni: Yes. They will not.

Samuels: Then why does our last glimpse of Piero indicate a change in his character? Whereas he is frantic and agitated throughout the film, at the end we see him refusing to answer his phones, leaning back in his chair and smiling, while the breeze (which has such important symbolic overtones in the film) ruffles his hair.

Antonioni: There are people like that living all around me, full of contradictions, with weak and strong points, et cetera. My characters are ambiguous. Call them that. I don't mind. I am ambiguous myself. Who isn't?

Samuels: Well, then, what of your statement that the film is optimistic? You once said that it illustrated these sentiments of Dylan Thomas's: "There must be, perhaps, some certainty, if not of loving, well then, at least of not loving." Isn't it stretching things to call this optimistic?

Antonioni: No. If these characters can give up an affair that is just beginning, it is because they have a certain confidence in life. Otherwise, to speak in ugly old words, if they thought they could not survive the grief of disappointed love, they would not have renounced each other but would have met again.

Samuels: But the film begins with a renunciation (when Vittoria leaves her first lover) which is one of the unhappiest scenes in your films. Why is that so unpleasant and the later renunciation a sign of optimism?

Antonioni: Because the last scene is Vittoria's refusal to relive the first. That is, she doesn't want to suffer again the pangs of love. That is more or less the sense of it—put into words.

Samuels: What about the ending? Doesn't it symbolize the end of the world: that house which will never be finished, those bricks lying on the ground, the rain water pouring out of the barrel. the headline: "Peace is weak"?

Antonioni: That only shows the error of this way of looking at films, because if we go back there we will see that the house was finished.

Samuels: Why did you turn the camera several times on that neon sign in *Blow-Up?*

Antonioni: The reason is obvious: to break up the romantic atmosphere of the park.

Samuels: Are you disturbed by critics who want to go beyond that level of explanation?

Antonioni: No, because, as I've said, every object in a film is an experience of the viewer's. After all, what does the director do? He conveys what he thinks he has seen. But, good Lord, the meaning of reality, living as we do enclosed in ourselves, isn't always clear to us. We could discuss for hours an episode or even an object found on the street. And the same thing is true of a filmed episode or object. Except that I never ask explanations from what I see in real life, but with a film I ask the director. But the director is only a man. Very often I can not give an explanation because I see only images, and images are what I transfer to the screen. Very often these images have no explanation, no *raison d'être* beyond themselves.

Antonioni asserts that he never repeats a shot. I try to point out motifs:

Samuels: At the end of *La Notte* the camera leaves the couple in the sand trap and pans to a new day dawning, with obvious irony. The same effect occurs in your first feature film, *Crònaca di un Amore*, 1951, when the lovers meet in the planetarium. At precisely the moment when we first realize the hopelessness of their relationship, the lights go on, signalling a new day.

Antonioni: Not at all. It is only the light going on because the performance is finished.

Samuels: What about ending both the English episode in *I Vinti* and *Blow-Up* with a tennis court?

Antonioni: People play tennis all over England. The two scenes have different purposes.

Samuels: Why did you use the tennis court in *I Vinti?*

Antonioni: Because it was near the courthouse and because I wanted to show this sort of life continuing while a man was condemned to death. A frivolous game.

Samuels: But you've just pointed to a similarity of meaning. In both cases a murder has occurred and yet we end up with a frivolous game.

Antonioni: It's not frivolous. The game is serious.

Samuels: Without a ball?

Antonioni: Yes, in a way.

Samuels: In what way?

Antonioni: I don't know in what way, but I know that it is serious. I shot it seriously.

Samuels: You said that you made all your films with your stomach but *Blow-Up* with your head. But if you do everything instinctively. . . .

Antonioni: In *Blow-Up* I used my head instinctively.

Samuels: In an interview I had with him, John Updike said something that fascinated me: "Being an artist is dangerous because it allows one to turn one's pain too quickly into profit."

Antonioni: I never could use that phrase today: "being an artist." And if somebody transmutes his pain into profit, very good. I find that the most wonderful way to kill pain.

Samuels: Why do you say "today"? Could you have used the phrase "being an artist" in some other period?

Antonioni: Yes, of course. I think that during the Renaissance everything was influenced by art. Now the world is so much more important, and I can no longer imagine a future function for art.

Samuels: But today what is its function?

Antonioni: I don't know.

Samuels: You don't know?

Antonioni: Do you?

Samuels: Yes.

Antonioni: Then, tell me.

Samuels: You want *me* to tell *you* what the function of art is?

Antonioni: It is so easy to tell lies in the movies.

Samuels: In what sense "lies"?

Antonioni: To give an interpretation that we know is untrue to life. Because at that moment it is more interesting or amusing to put something in, to forget the real sense of what we are doing in our amusement with the medium.

Samuels: Here you are speaking of a standard outside yourself; usually you say your only standard is what pleases you.

Antonioni: Whenever I make a film, I have inside me a certain truth—"truth" is a bad word. Here inside, rather, I have a confusion in the pit of my stomach, a sort of tumor I cure by making the film. If I forget that tumor, I lie. It is easy to forget it, even if I subconsciously realize I am forgetting. Very easy.

Samuels: Do you mean lying so as to please the audience?

Antonioni: No. Suppose I wanted to film a character coming down the staircase. I shoot him coming down, but I like that Roy Lichtenstein painting over there, those glowing greens and whites, so I shoot that. I like it, I'm tempted, I'd probably do that. But it would be a mistake. It means making the painting important at the very moment that the important thing is the character.

Samuels: Sometimes you'll explain something in your films and at other times you refuse.

Antonioni: You make me look for a reason. I had none.

Samuels: But in some cases. . . .

Antonioni: Maybe what I told you so far is completely wrong.

Samuels: Sometimes you are willing. . . .

Antonioni: I am never willing.

Samuels: But you do.

Antonioni: Only when I am forced. Otherwise, I would prefer not to.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Richly endowed foundation

Even as we clambered about our playpen, learning to lisp that Honesty is the Best Policy, we were on the way to realizing that exceptions would have to be made if life was to be lived to the hilt. Only a madwoman would bore a man with the minutiae of her makeup while he is murmuring of her skin's natural beauty, and Germaine Monteil's new Acti-Vita Translucent Cream Foundation is compounded with just such sweet deception in mind. Its texture is preposterously airy and silken, and it slips onto your skin like mist, leaving only radiant and tactile smoothness. Beyond that, it is bliss *for* your skin, since we are told it surges with rare and extravagant emollients (known and loved in Acti-Vita Cream) that never stop providing moisture even as you dally about looking delicious. The base comes in six wildly pretty colours; the face powder in three.

Pro team

If life with your hair is a series of tantrums (it makes a scene if you go out in the rain, it droops pitifully at the prospect of a big evening), you might do well to change its character. Avon has put together a highly persuasive lineup of hair tactics called Protem, all based on the principle that since hair is composed of keratin—a form of protein—the addition of more protein is supportive and enchanting. All of these beautifully balanced formulations are thick with protein, and are designed to work together to make your topknot a triumph of amiability. Protem Creme Shampoo does a gentle but whistle-clean job, to be followed by Protem Hair Conditioner, which delivers its glossy message in 60 seconds. Finally, Protem Conditioning Hair Set both fortifies and forms your hairdo, and Avon assures us that it holds onto a set for an astonishingly long time.

The brush and eye

Eyes are all right just now. The way they flash about, all bright, fresh, and pretty as high summer. What more, then, could they want? A box full of the sheerest colours—mascara, liner, shadows—and a trio of brushes to outline, define. . . . That's the latest from John Robert Powers where the rush to brush is on. One flat blue kit contains them all. Especially dear: the fine swivel brush to draw a thin line. Equally neat for the faux-fingered: a roller to brush onward and upward the creamiest mascara provided and, not really a brush at all, a stick with a little sponge tip for stroking on three of the shadiest shadows, including white. "You and Eye" is the name and now seems the time to get together. (More Ready Beauty, page 136)

VOGUE'S SCHOOL & CAMP DIRECTORY

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Listed in Vogue's School & Camp Directory are both schools and summer camps. Write to the places which interest you, mentioning Vogue; your letter will receive special consideration. Heads of schools like to know the proposed entrance date, age and grade at present, course or courses preferred. Directors of camps appreciate receiving information on age and desired activities.



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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Double bill

Double, double might have meant lots of trouble for Macbeth and his boys but as far as we're concerned right now it's nothing but joy to find a few of our favourite beauty boons developing dual personalities, new little ways that are doubling their punch. . . . ***Take perfume, take it with you*** to spin fragrance about you and clean you up at the same time. That's the idea behind a cool handout from F. Millot. Cross your palm with a paper wafer imbued with Crêpe de Chine perfume and there you are—scented and freshened in one fell swipe. Twenty-four of these C de C Fresheners are folded in four little packets for pockets. . . . ***Are there any more at home like you?*** Yes, indeed, if we're talking false lashes. Helene Curtis, the big wig whizzes, have cut their famously agreeable Nature Blend modacrylic fibre down to eyelash size, give you four instead of the usual two in a box, *and* provide a talented applicator so that you can position them like a pro. They're made to last and last, wash and dry in a twink, never come unfurled. Pick demi or full, darkish or lightish, and rejoice you fumblers and bumblers. If you lose track of one, there's an understudy in the wings. . . . ***Colour me shady, says the lady,*** putting her finger on a wee terra-cotta box that reads Eve of Roma and closets two tiny half-moons of beige-y brown creams that work two wonders apiece. The pale one shucks off shadows, lines, and such, makes marvellous highlights on cheeks, at temples, too. The darker plays at up-playing or down-playing a bone, widening here, narrowing there, great to shape and shade. Then, if you mix a touch of the two together, they even out flaws faultlessly. *Qui e la* is the name of this double dish, and here and there is exactly where it goes. . . . ***Who put the pow in the powder brush?*** Max Factor. Their latest stroke of genius is designed to fluff on all the bloom you want, then brush off the surplus specks. They've got it covered too—in a lipstick-kind of case, all golden and ribby and chic. The brush pops up when you need it, pulls out for washing. Ask for Portable Make-Up Brush, a really cheeky little thing. . . . ***Have a whirl. Have a quickened curl.*** Check it out with its very own, stand-alone mirror that emerges from its box to rest on an easel on your dressing table or in your hotel room, can check out more than your hair. You know: here a peek, there a peek, everywhere you seek to be *at* peak. The tidy green-and-white case has a clip compartment, 22 rollers, and such immediate electrical heating action that you're promised a curl in less than ten minutes. . . . By Clairol—and clearly expeditious.

PSYCHOTHERAPISTS DEAL WITH CHILDREN

(Continued from page 91)

under obligation to live up to the impossible: You are *always* so wonderful, you are *always* so considerate. You are an angel. My praise is appreciative: It *describes* the child's efforts and accomplishments and my feelings about them. It does not evaluate, judge, compare, or condescend.

DR. CHAMBERS: Could you elucidate a little more?

DR. GREEN: "I like your request. It makes it possible for me to clarify my views. I appreciate your interest." You see, Dr. Chambers, that was appreciative praise.

DR. CHAMBERS: How would you have praised me before child therapy?

DR. GREEN: "You are great. You always come to my help. You are very considerate and generous too. You are doing a marvellous job in this group. Better than anyone else."

DR. CHAMBERS: I can do without such praise.

DR. FIELD: So can children. Our professional motto, *Primum non nocere* (first of all do no damage), should become also our dictum at home. First of all, don't deny a child's perception. Don't disown his feelings. Don't argue with his experience. Acknowledge perception, feelings, and experience.

DR. HILL: With our own children, it's hard to be an expert. They make laymen out of us.

DR. IVY: Then we, too, need help in fulfilling our parental rôles. We need to recognize that our daily responses to our children are not without consequence. They affect conduct and character for better or for worse. We already possess the knowledge. What we need is to transfer competence and translate skill. This metamorphosis will not occur automatically. But as psychotherapists we have a head start.

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